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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Bridgewater Treatises. On the Wisdom and Goodness of God as manifested in the creation of Animals, and in their history, habits, and instincts. By the Rev. W. Kirby, M.A. F.R.S. &c., Rector of Barham. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835. Pickering.

On the character and nature of this publication, or rather series, we have spoken so much at large, in former articles, that it is now only necessary for us to confine our remarks to the specific qualities of the work before us—the seventh and penultimate in succession of the productions which we owe to Lord Bridgewater's singular bequest. Mr. Kirby, with great propriety, has dedicated his portion of the duty thereby enjoined to Lord Farnborough, whose richly cultivated mind and intelligence entitle him, still more than his intimate connexion with the legator, to this token of distinction.

From the author's well-known capacity, and perfect acquaintance with the subject, the public must have been prepared for an essay full of curious and interesting information. Neither will there be any disappointment in this respect; though, perhaps, as in others of the treatises, it may be thought that some of the conclusions are not so clearly demonstrated as to carry entire conviction along with them. Indeed, it was hardly possible, in such undertakings, not to be obliged, now and then, to strain the argument, and to beg the question. When we descend from the grand impression and feeling in human nature, that every thing around us, and viewed as a sublime whole, bespeaks the wisdom and power of a First Great Cause,—there is something in the application of minute details to the proof of the truth of this innate sentiment, which frequently almost approaches the ridiculous. To exemplify so transcendent a principle by the operations of fleas and other pests on the frame of man, is to us irresistibly of this kind; for though there is, doubtless, as much to fill us with wonder and admiration in the structure and organisation of an insect as in the revolutions of spheres, we cannot but fancy that, as the poor child-catechist observed, it is but niggling work.* Yet on this ground we are inclined to think, that next to, if not equal with the science of astronomy itself (which, by the by, is not included), that branch of natural history assigned to Mr. Kirby (like that treated by Dr. Roget) affords room for an illustration most in unison with the wish which dictated to Lord Bridgewater the provision for these productions.

"The works of God and the word of God (he justly observes) may be called the two doors which open into the temple of truth; and, as both proceed from the same almighty and omniscient Author, they cannot, if rightly interpreted, contradict each other, but must

mutually illustrate and confirm, 'though each in different sort and manner,' the same truths. Doubtless, it was with this conviction upon his mind, that the learned professor from whom I have borrowed my motto expresses his opinion,—that in order rightly to understand the voice of God in nature, we ought to enter her temple with the Bible in our hands."

The Introduction, whence this passage is cited, goes on to combat the theories of La Place and Lamarck, as founded on materialism, and inconsistent with religious principle. "Their great object (Mr. K. states) seems to be to ascribe all the works of creation to second causes; and to account for the production of all the visible universe, and the furniture of our own globe, without the intervention of a first. Both begin the work by introducing nebulosities, or masses of matter scarcely amounting to real entities, and proceed as if they had agreed together upon the *modus operandi*." Mr. Kirby's refutation of these fallacies, especially in Lamarck's system, is not only piquant, but incontrovertible. The question disposed of, he adds a definition of life.

"Having stated Lamarck's hypothesis with respect to nature, the goddess which he worshipped, and which he decked with divine attributes and divine power, I shall, as briefly as possible, give some account of his theory of life. Life, indeed, is a subject that hath puzzled, doth puzzle, and will puzzle philosophers and physiologists, probably till time shall be no more. Thus much, however, may be predicated of it, that both in the vegetable and animal, like heat, it is a radiant principle, shewing itself by successive developments for a limited period, varying according to the species, when it begins to decline, and finally is extinguished: that sometimes, also, like heat, as in the seed of the vegetable and egg of the animal, it is latent, not manifesting itself by development, till it is submitted to the action of imponderable fluids, conveyed by moisture or incubation."

And thus remarks on the philosophical phenomena of our time:—

"The penetrating mind of Bacon clearly perceived, that if supposed statements of Scripture were made the sole tests by which philosophical systems were to be tried, there was an end of all progress in science, no use in making experiments, or pursuing a course of inductive reasoning. And this was the temper of the age in which he lived; light was beginning to spring up, and, because it was novel, it was thought to be heretical and subversive of Scripture. But men's minds are now much altered in this respect, and there is no danger of persecution on account of heterodoxy either in religion or philosophy. In fact, the tide seems turned the other way, and a clamour is sometimes raised against persons who consult the revealed word of God on points connected with philosophy and science. But surely if the Scriptures are, as we believe, a revelation from the Creator of that world concerning which we philosophise, and if some parts of

them do contain mysteries of natural philosophy, as Bacon himself contends they do, some respect and deference are due to the word of God, and some allowance may be claimed by those who appeal to it on any point of science, even if their appeal originates in a misconception and misinterpretation of any part of it; the same allowance as is made for those, and they are many, who misinterpret nature."

In the sequel, we find that Mr. Kirby is somewhat opposed to several geological opinions on this account; and though he elsewhere argues at length, that the Scriptures were addressed to the ignorance and prejudices of men in darker ages, he (as we think, against his own data) contends that on these contested points they must be preferred to inductions from actual observation. A rather strange and mystical examination of the Jewish tabernacle, in which he traces a connexion between the Cherubim in the Holy of Holies, and the animal creation, concludes the Introduction, and contains much matter and conjecture, with which far be it from us to meddle. We proceed to the body of the work, setting out with the creation of animals, thence, in a delightful manner, investigating and illustrating their geographical distribution, their migrations, their functions and instincts, &c., and bringing before us (in the first volume, to which we now confine ourselves) the most remarkable particulars of infusories, polypes, radiaries, tunicaries, bivalve and univalve molluscs, cephalopods, worms, and annelids.

Setting out, somewhat later than a Welsh pedigree, with the creation, the author says—

"The instincts of the whole circle of animals urged them, by an irresistible impulse, to fulfil their several functions; I mean those that were necessary to the then state of things; for if the instinct of the predaceous ones was not restrained, they would soon have annihilated the herbivorous ones, even if, as Lightfoot supposes, they were at first created by sevens. They must, therefore, originally have eaten grass or straw like the ox, and neither injured nor destroyed their fellow-beasts of a more harmless character; this, indeed, appears clearly from the terms of the original grant, 'To every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every living thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat.' And to this vegetable diet, before the close of the present scene, we are assured they shall again return so as to render the last stage of the world as happy as the original state of man in Paradise. This harmony of the animal creation continued, probably, long enough after the fall to allow sufficient time for such a multiplication of the flocks and herds, and flights and shoals of the gregarious animals, as would secure them from extinction.

"Had Adam not fallen, this sad change would, probably, never have taken place."

"When we consider the relative position of man and the animal kingdom, by the Divine decree subjected to his dominion, the harmony

* "Do you know who made the flies, my dear?" "No, mamma." "Why, God, my love." "Oh, dear!" said the innocent child (on a warm summer's day), "what a deal of niggling work it must have been!"

and good-will that subsisted between them, it appears improbable that immortal man would have been afflicted by the appearance of death and destruction amongst his subjects from any cause, especially by the strong, and those armed with deadly weapons, attacking and devouring the weak and helpless. Even now, fallen as we are from our original dignity, there is no creature so fell and savage, that we have not, more or less, the power to subdue and tame; no natures so averse, that we are not skilled to reconcile; we can counteract even instinct itself, and make a treaty of peace and mutual good-will between animals whom nature, by a law, has placed in the fiercest enmity and opposition to each other. The Creator, indeed, forcing the fatal apostasy that plunged our race in ruin, and providing for the circumstances in which our globe would eventually be placed, from the too rapid increase of various animals most given to multiply, furnished the predatory tribes with organs and offensive arms, which, when he gave the word and let loose the reins, would urge them to the work of destruction, and impel them to attack, and devour without pity, those amongst the weaker animals that were likely to increase in a degree hurtful to the general welfare; thus fulfilling his great purpose, of generally maintaining those relative proportions, as to number, of individual species, that would be most conducive to the health and mutual advantage of all parts of the system of our globe."

Lightfoot's septenary speculation, above alluded to, is not more fanciful than Mr. Kirby's idea about carnivorous animals eating grass before the fall. We should like to learn from him what fishes lived on at that era? But surely it must occur to every reasoning mind that if the predatory animals, lions, tigers, hyenas, &c., &c., subsisted on vegetable diet, they must of necessity have been destitute of the very organisation—lith and limb, jaws, teeth, &c.—which *now*, agreeably to the "Bridgewater Treatises," fits them so admirably as proofs of the wisdom and goodness of God, to prey on other creatures! They cannot, therefore, have been lions, tigers, hyenas, &c., but different animals, with hoofs made to promenade, not claws to tear,—with teeth to crop and browse, not fangs to lacerate and destroy, and so throughout their whole frame and habits.

We have already alluded to the argument drawn from the parasites which are abhorrent to our bodies and souls. Hear Mr. Kirby's notions respecting them in and after the garden of Eden.

"This, too, is the place to consider another circumstance connected with the appointment by Providence of certain animals to certain ends. There are, as must be evident to every one who thinks or observes at all, large numbers of the animal kingdom, which, considered in their individual capacities, may be regarded as positively injurious to man; and seem to have been created with a view to his punishment, either in his person or property. Of this description are those predatory tribes of which I have just spoken: but I here mean, more particularly, to advert to those *personal* pests that not only attempt to derive their nutriment from him by occasionally sucking his blood when he comes in their way, as the flea, the horse-fly, and others, but those that make a settlement upon him or within him, selecting his body for their dwelling as well as their food, and thus infesting him with a double torment. Besides those insects of a disreputable name which, under more than one form, inhabit

his person externally, and those that, burying themselves in his flesh, annoy him and produce cutaneous diseases, a whole host of others attack him internally, and sometimes fatally. Can we believe that man, in his pristine state of glory, and beauty, and dignity, could be the receptacle and the prey of these unclean and disgusting creatures? This is surely altogether incredible—I had almost said impossible. And we must either believe, with Le Clerc and Bonnet, that all those worms now infesting our intestines existed in Adam before his fall, only under the form of eggs, which did not hatch till after that sad event; or that these eggs were dispersed in the air, in the water, and in various aliments, and so were ready to hatch when they met with their destined habitation; or, as some parasites are found in the earth, or the water, as well as in the human species, that they are in general formed for living in different stations; or, lastly, that they were created subsequently to the fall of Adam—not immediately, or all at once, but when occasions called for such expressions of the Divine displeasure. With respect to the first of these hypotheses, it seems to me very improbable for this reason, that it supposes the first pair to have in them the germs of all these animal pests, which, although, before the fall, they were restrained from germination, after that event were left to the ordinary action of physical laws, so that then every one of these scourges must have inhabited them and preyed upon them. Fallen indeed they were from glory and grace; but who can think that all the accumulated evils that their sin introduced into their world fell with concentrated violence upon their own heads—that all the various ills that flesh is heir to were experienced by them in their own persons before they were divided, some to one and some to another, amongst their posterity? It is scarcely to be supposed that any single individual, from that time to this, was subject to the annoyance of every one of these animals; and it seems incredible that Adam and Eve had experience of them all. That they had their existence originally, either as germs or as perfect animals, in the air, the earth, or the waters, and were taken in by man with his food, with respect to some species may, perhaps, be true. The earth-worm is often voided by children, and some others that infest animals are found in the water; but of those that are appropriated to man internally, none have as yet been found, except that just mentioned, in any other habitation. Linné, indeed, assigns an aquatic origin to the fluke, the ascariæ, and the tape-worm; but he seems to have adopted this opinion upon very slight grounds. Bonnet very justly asks, with respect to the last of these animals, which Linné states he found once in a kind of ochre,—“M. Linné is the only one that has made this discovery; now, it is certain that if tape-worms existed out of the body of man and other animals, would it be possible, after the numerous researches that naturalists of every country have made in a variety of places, both in the earth and the water, none should ever meet with that insect? All Helminthologists seem now to be of opinion that the sole natural habitation of these animals is that in which they are usually found, the human viscera. We now come to the last hypothesis, that these animals were created subsequently to the fall: a single instance from Scripture of such a creation will be sufficient to render it probable that others may have taken place, when occasions called for such expressions of Divine displeasure. Every one is aware that God, by the wonder-working rod of Moses, converted all the dust of Egypt into some

punitive animal, or genus of animals, for they attacked man and beast; concerning the kind of which interpreters differ: but this does not affect the question. It is evident that here is an instance of the creation of an animal in great numbers; and, what is worthy of particular observation, that this animal was not afterwards again annihilated, as the frogs and others were. What has evidently been done once under circumstances that required it, though not recorded, may have been repeated; and thus all the punitive species in question may have been produced. This is given merely as an hypothesis, to account for the existence of these animals, without doing violence to probability, and rather in accordance with the word of God than contraverting any thing delivered therein; and if it excites a discussion that may throw new light upon the subject, whichever way the question is determined, I shall be well pleased—my object being rather to elicit *truth* than to uphold *opinion*."

We, too, leave this knotty point to the sense of our readers. Much may depend upon the extent of their experience. For ourselves, we care to know nothing of the subjects; and, in the sincere hope that our first parents were not troubled in Paradise with any such companions, we leave them as they now are for some curious particulars connected with another small tribe, as related by our author.

"To the class of worms (he says), especially those that have been denominated *Entozoa*, or internal worms, I have a few interesting additions to make, taken from a work of Dr. Nordmann's, some of which are so extraordinary and wonderful, both as to their functions and structure, that the great object of the present treatise, *Gloria Dei ex opere nature*, will receive considerable illustration from some account of them. Dr. Nordmann's first treatise is upon a tribe of these creatures that are interesting from their very singular situation, in the eyes, namely, of the higher animals.—Amongst the personal pests of our own species, enumerated in the chapter above alluded to, I mentioned none that attacked the organs just named; but this learned investigator of parasitic worms has noticed two which have been detected in them: one related to the Guinea-worm, which was extracted from the eye of a person affected by a cataract; and another, a *Hydatid*, from the eye of a young woman. Besides those that infest our own visual organs, quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and fishes, have each their eye-worms. Amongst those to which the will of Providence has assigned their station in the eyes of the latter class of animals, is a remarkable one, which Dr. Nordmann discovered in those of several different species of perch, sometimes in such numbers as must have interfered with that distinct sight of passing objects, which appears necessary to enable predaceous animals to discover their prey in time to dart upon it and secure it; in a single eye the Doctor detected, in different parts, 360! of these animalcules: when much increased they often produce cataracts in the eye of the fishes they infest. This little animal appears something related to the *Planaria*, or pseudo-leech; and, to judge from Dr. Nordmann's figures, seems able, like it, to change its form. Underneath the body, at the anterior extremity, is the mouth; and in the middle are what he denominates two sucking-cups: these are prominent, and, viewed laterally, form a truncated cone; the anterior one is the smallest and least prominent, and more properly a sucker; the other, probably, has other functions, since he could never ascertain that it

was used for prehension. A kind of metamorphosis seems to take place in these animals, for our author observed that they appeared under three different forms. These little pests, small as they are, have a parasite of their own to avenge the cause of the perch, for Dr. Nordmann observed some very minute brown dots, or capsules, attached to the intestinal canal, which when extracted, by means of a scalpel formed of the thorns of the creeping cereus, and laid upon a piece of talc, the membrane that inclosed them burst, and forth issued living animalcules, belonging to the genus *Monas*, and smaller than *M. Atomus*, which immediately turned round upon their own axes with great velocity, and then jumped a certain distance in a straight line, when they again revolved, and again took a second leap. Looking over our author's list of eye-worms that infest fishes, we find that five out of seven are attached to different species of perch, and one cannot help feeling some commiseration for these poor animals; but when we recollect that they form the most numerous body of predaceous fishes in our rivers, we may conjecture that thus their organs of vision are rendered less acute, and that thus thousands of roach, dace, carp, and tench, may escape destruction. The ever watchful eye of a Father Providence is over all his works, and he has provided means, in every department of the animal kingdom, so to limit the inroads of the predaceous species, that a due proportion and harmonious mixture may every where be maintained, and that with respect to every individual species. The means are various, but the end is one; and the partial evil terminates in the general good and welfare of the whole. Next to the eyes, the gills of fishes are subject to annoyance from internal worms; and amongst these there is none more remarkable or wonderful than one first discovered by Dr. Nordmann, upon those of the bream, and to which, on account of its remarkable structure and conformation, he has given the name of *Diplozoon*, or *double animal*. In the classes of polypes and tunicaries we have been introduced to many animals that appear to be compound; which, from a common stem or body send forth numerous *oscula*, or mouths, in this emulating the members of the vegetable kingdom; but amongst all these plant-animals there is none can compete with this of Dr. Nordmann, which, like the Siamese youths, appears to be formed of two distinct bodies, united in the middle so as to present the appearance of a St. Andrew's cross, each half of the animal containing precisely the same organs; namely, an alimentary canal, a system for circulation and generation, and also a nervous system. Müller calls the innumerable and varying cohorts of the animal creation preachers of the infinite wisdom and power of the Sovereign of the world; and this is one of the most wonderful of them all, which singularly exemplifies those attributes. At first it might be imagined, that, like the youths just alluded to, this was a monstrous production of nature; but Dr. Nordmann relates that he has found thirty specimens, precisely agreeing with each other, all in a similar situation, attached, namely, to the gills of the fish mentioned above, and he never found it single, or in any other situation: there can, therefore, remain no doubt on the subject. In order to find these animals, it is necessary to examine all the leaves of the gills separately under water, or to separate the lesser whitish ones with a pointed instrument, when the animal may be detected by its movements: its station is between the leaves or folds of the

inner gills. This singular creature consists of two lobes, or arms, above the point of union, and two below it. The upper pair are the longest and most divergent: they are somewhat lance-shaped, and at the extremity of each, on the under side, is a mouth, with a sucker, divided by a fleshy transverse septum; by means of these suckers, the mouths of this two-bodied monster are kept steady, so as to suck without intermission. The orifice of the mouth is large, and, when fully open, triangular: there is also an organ within the gullet which seems analogous to a tongue, resembling the sucking organ of the pseudo-leech. The alimentary canal branches out on both sides into numerous blind vessels. The whole of this canal, like the creature itself, is cruciform. The circulation of the blood is very visible: each half of the animal has on both sides two principal blood-vessels, which are every where of almost equal diameter, without any enlargement; in the two exterior ones the blood runs upwards, and in the two interior ones downwards, and its motion is extremely rapid. The generative organs and ovaries are also double. The feces, as in the polypes and other lower animals, pass out at the mouth. The two lowest lobes are somewhat club-shaped, or thickest at the extremity, towards which, in each, are two oval plates, or disks, containing four oblong *acetabula*, or suckers: the bodies below the plates terminate in a triangular piece, or flapper. In some of their movements it seems as if the two upper lobes had different wills, since sometimes one appears inclined to move to the right, and the other to the left; or one to move, and the other to remain at rest; but the lower lobes always move simultaneously, either inwardly or outwardly. The animals that are found attached to the gills of other fishes are usually at their lower extremity furnished with several suckers; thus one genus infesting the gills of the sun and sword-fishes has three; and another, found in those of the tunny, has six, whence Cuvier would rather call it *Hexastoma*. But these are nothing to those of our *Diplozoon*, which, on the four disks just named, has no less than sixteen suckers, four on each disk. Under a strong magnifier, these suckers, when opened, for they can open and shut, exhibit a complex machinery of hooks and other parts, by which their Creator has enabled them to take firm hold of the gills, so as not to be unfixed by their constant motion in respiration, especially when we consider their structure and substance. A further proof of this design is furnished by the form of the animal itself, for the body being divided upwards and downwards into two diverging lobes, it can fix itself at each extremity more firmly than if it was single, not only by having more points of attachment, but also by the divergement of its lobes, especially the lower ones. When a man wishes to stand as firmly and steadily as possible, he separates his legs so as to form a certain angle: and this is what its Creator has fitted our animal to do; and so by all these means it maintains its station on the lubricous, multifold, and constantly moving organs, from which it is commissioned to suck the blood. Probably these *Diplozoons* may be of the same use to the fishes they infest, as the horse-flies are to the animal from which they take their name. Dr. Nordmann found this creature could exist submerged for three days, during which period its movements became gradually more feeble. One specimen, which he fed twice a-day with fresh fishes' blood, lived nine days in water, and appeared to die at last from being too much handled."

May we beg here, as connected with this interesting subject, to refer our readers again to the notice of the entozoon which infests the muscles of the human body, page 409 of our last *Gazette*?

[To be continued.]

Tales of the Peerage and the Peasantry.
Edited by Lady Dacre. 3 vols. London, 1835. Bentley.

THOUGH we rather dislike the mystery of "edited by," instead of the plain announcement of the writer's name, or the complete incognito, we are ready to confess that the *imprimatur* of Lady Dacre is a powerful passport to any publication, and, consequently, one to be coveted by all parties concerned. Without inquiring or mentioning who the author is, or is supposed to be, or what have been the nature and amount of the editorial duties, we shall simply state that there are three tales in these three volumes. The first, "Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale," occupies a moiety of the whole; "The Hampshire Cottage" fills up the rest of volume two; and "Blanche" holds possession of volume three.

The Countess of Nithsdale's devotedness to her condemned lord, and the means by which she effected his escape from the Tower, could never be more affectingly painted than in the well-known narrative which is familiar to every reader. But in founding a more lengthened description of the circumstances upon that history, we may observe that the author has wrought them up with congenial fidelity, and that the invented parts and embellishments are perfectly in keeping with the actual and interesting realities. To shew this we select a single quotation, which speaks for itself, and displays the talent of the writer in a compound of the pathetic and familiar:—

"The town of Dumfries was in the hands of the royalists, and it was a matter of difficulty for the prisoners to transmit any communication to their friends which was not subject to the revision of those who were in power. There was time for each hope in which she had formerly indulged to be successively crushed. That which she had fondly imagined to be a victory at Sheriff Muir proved in its consequences to be no better than a defeat. Dutch reinforcements joined the royal army; while scarcely a day elapsed in which some of the Lowland chieftains did not desert the standard of the Earl of Mar. Still no succours arrived from France. It became known that the regent Duke of Orleans had proscribed the chevalier, and still the chevalier's arrival was delayed. Lady Nithsdale roamed about the vast and deserted halls; the unread book dropped from her hands; the once loved spinet remained unopened; the needle, which she used to ply so rapidly and so dexterously, was still resorted to for occupation; but the flowers no longer grew under her fairy fingers, and the falling tears would often tarnish the colours of the silks before the leaf had yet assumed its form. She started at every noise: the changing cheek, the fluttering heart, the trembling finger, the faltering voice, all spoke the heart ill at ease. The long, long days were wearily away; it seemed to her that each dismal winter evening closed in more slowly than the last. Her children were far away; she could not visit their couches, listen to their tranquil breathing, and beguile the hours in watching their unconscious slumbers. Her existence would have been less irksome had there been any duty for her to perform, any exertion to be made; but in this forced inactivity of body, while the

mind was distracted with doubts and fears, she endured, not so much the pangs of hope deferred, as those of protracted disappointment. Watching the blazing logs on the hearth, and listening to the incessant whistling of the December blast, only varied by the rattling of a dry and withered stray leaf against the casement, she had sat through the early and lengthened twilight of a Scottish winter's evening. Glad of the excuse of fading light to indulge in the idleness of vague, dreamy, but most sad meditation, she had allowed the night to steal upon her unawares, till all without was darkness that might be felt, and the stone mullions of the oriel windows alone shone white in the fitful blaze of the wood fire. She was startled from her reverie by the sound of men's voices, and the tread of a strange and heavy foot. The attendants entering, explained that a peasant was without, who insisted upon seeing the countess. 'It is the countess herself that my business is with,' said the stout and rosy boor, who forced his way past the serving-men; 'I was to come to the speech of the lady herself; and if you can certify to me that yonder she is, why I am ready enough to give up my packet; but I shan't let it go to any of you. How do I know what sort of jackanapes you may be?' and the peasant grinned good-humouredly, with a twinkling eye, which led to the conclusion that he had not journeyed so rapidly but that he had taken time to refresh himself by the way. He held a packet in his hand: 'If it is true that you are that rebel lord's lawful wife, why here's the letter I was to deliver safe into her own fair hands—that was, when she gave me the reward I have earned by a journey of some hundred and fifty miles.' 'Oh, give it me! in mercy give it me!' exclaimed Lady Nithsdale; and, starting from her seat, she would have snatched it at once. 'Softly, fair lady,' cried the peasant, withholding it; 'where is the reward the gentleman promised me?' 'Oh! you shall have any thing you will, only give it—for pity, give it me! Amy!' she cried to Amy Evans, who, never far from her lady's side, had by this time made her appearance; 'fetch my casket: nay, here, take the key, and bring hither my purse; it is in the embossed casket, and give the fellow what he will. And now, my friend, the letter—the letter.' 'I think the lady's one that loves him; but nobody has yet assured me that she is his lordship's wife,' continued the undaunted boor, with a knowing glance round the room: 'all wives are not in such a taking about their husbands,' he added, wishing, with a sort of low craft which he deemed prudence, to delay delivering the letter till he had made sure of the money. 'Oh, trifle not with me! Give it me, as you hope to meet with mercy yourself!' 'Well, here it is, then; the poor soul shall have the letter any how.' She snatched it quickly from his hand, and, throwing herself upon her knees before the fire, she hastened to devour its contents. Her eyes, blinded by tears, could not decipher the lines as fast as her wishes prompted. 'Bring lights!' she exclaimed; 'why are there no lights?' The servants hastened to fetch the tapers; and the peasant remained near the door, watching the lady with an expression half compassionate, half comic. 'Sure enough, the poor soul loves that dark-browed fellow,' he muttered; 'she tucks back her hair as if she could tear off the curl that falls between the fire light and the paper; and she thinks no more of me! But I shall not depart without the pay I have been promised, I can tell her.' Amy re-entered with the purse at the same

moment that the serving-men returned with lights; and Amy, showering into the hands of the messenger several gold pieces, led the way into the hall, that her lady might be left to peruse her packet in privacy. The peasant clinked the money in his hard palm; then looking cunningly at Amy, 'Your lady said I should have what I would.' 'Well, and have I not rewarded you handsomely?' 'Why, pretty fairly, pretty fairly; but I should not mind another gold piece or so. You must bear in mind that my journey has been somewhat perilous, all through the royal armies and the loyal inhabitants, with a letter in my pouch from a rebel lord to a rebel lady.' 'Nay, you are unreasonable, you should not be covetous; but here are a couple more, for my dear mistress will not think any thing can be too much for one who brings her news from her husband.' 'Thanks, fair mistress! I am one who always keep the eleventh commandment, even if I keep no other.' 'The eleventh, fellow! Why, Protestant and Catholic agree there are no more than ten!' 'Ah, but I know the eleventh, and I know it best of all, and so do most people; and if they all kept the ten others as strictly as they do that one, why the world would be a better world than it is, that's all!' 'You speak in riddles, friend; explain yourself.' 'Get all you can, and keep all you get.' 'Did you never hear that before, mistress? if you have not heard it, you have practised it, I warrant me. But where's your buttry-hatch? I am spent with hunger, and specially with thirst.' While Dickon, the Lancashire ploughman, was restoring the strength, which did not seem to be much impaired, the countess was absorbed in the long wished-for epistle. The letter was sad, almost hopeless; but it was from himself, and she gazed with delight on every line traced by that loved hand. The first impulse was that of joy; it was not till upon consideration and reflection that she found in it matter for deep sorrow and despondency. 'Hampshire Cottage' is a more common production of a fair village maiden forsaken, and an example of good principle under the severe trials to which she is subjected. In this the writer is not so much at home as in 'Blanche,' who moves in fashionable circles, and breathes the air of the West End. Here is a love-match, and her young romance of love in a cottage is sorely tested; but she surmounts all the ills that beset, and, in the end, is more happy than if she had wedded for convenience or wealth. We give a sample of one of her experiences:—

'Colonel Jones, the colonel of the regiment, and his wife, on their return from a short absence among their friends, waited upon Lady Blanche. As she could not, in this remote corner of the world, enjoy the best society, Blanche would much have preferred living in complete seclusion. But De Molton, who thought any slackness on their part would be a want of attention from an inferior to a superior officer, did not allow her to put off the visit of propriety. The weather was fine, though cold; and they walked to call on Colonel and Mrs. Jones, who lived in the town, close to the barracks. As they entered the door, their noses were assailed by the smell of roast mutton and rice pudding; and they were ushered into a dark two-windowed country-town drawing-room, with a dirty green paper, and a high dado, which had once been painted white; while remarkably smart bell-ropes rendered the dinginess of the rest more conspicuous from the contrast. Nine rosy children and the governess were seated at dinner; Mrs. Jones officiating

as carver, and the head nurse assisting the youngest to guide its food safely to its mouth. A smell of pudding and of small beer pervaded the apartment, and greatly annoyed Lady Blanche. De Molton introduced her to the colonel's lady, who, relinquishing the carving knife to the governess, retired from the scene of action to the sofa with Lady Blanche, and apologised for her children being so late at dinner, saying, 'The colonel had taken the boys out with him to see the itinerant menagerie in the market-place, and had kept them beyond their usual dinner-hour; or else,' she continued, 'I always make it a point to be fit to be seen at visiting hours, for when one lives in the world, one can never tell who may drop in.' The little Joneses, who, having always lived 'in the world,' were not shy, and were not more awed by the De Moltons than by Mr. and Mrs. M'Vining, or Mr. and Mrs. Green, or any of the other misters and mistresses who 'dropped in,' proceeded with their repast somewhat noisily: they were healthy, and there were nine of them! Blanche could hardly hear herself speak, but she was too well-bred to be fine; and she contrived to look as if she heard all Mrs. Jones said, and as if she was quite accustomed to noisy children and clattering plates. Dinner was over; grace was said in French by the eldest girl; they rose simultaneously; and, after being kissed by their mamma, were dismissed to have their faces washed, and their brown holland pinafores taken off, preparatory to the afternoon walk. Mrs. Jones was an excellent woman, who was devoted to her domestic duties, and she considered the whole proceeding as so completely in the common course of things that she made no apologies; and was so far from being distressed or annoyed by the bustle, the ferment, and the clatter, that she was scarcely aware a noise had existed, or that, when the door closed upon the last child, a calm succeeded to the storm. When the De Moltons took their leave, Mrs. Jones good-humouredly ran to the top of the stairs and called aloud for John, at the same time complaining how troublesome it was that neither of the bells in the drawing-room would ring. John was not forthcoming; and a dirty housemaid appeared in his stead, hastily tying a clean apron over the very dirty one beneath: she opened the street-door, and Blanche squeezed past her into the welcome open air. 'Oh! Frank!' she exclaimed, 'how can people submit to live in so wretched and vulgar a manner! Mrs. Jones is not so dreadful herself, but her *entourage*!' 'My dear Blanche, Colonel Jones is very poor: and he has nine children!' 'But there is no occasion to have things about one so dirty, so untidy, so uncomfortable. We are poor, but how different!' 'Our cottage would not contain one ninth of Colonel Jones's children.' 'But why have no bell?' And why such bell-ropes?' 'Poor people cannot afford to furnish every temporary lodging-house with elegances.' 'But why have all the Master and Miss Joneses dine in one's drawing-room?' 'I dare say all the other rooms are pre-occupied as sleeping apartments for said Master and Miss Joneses.' 'Now you are resolved to be provoking, and I could beat you for not agreeing with me.' 'I am afraid, Blanche, that poverty is not a pretty thing in reality, though it sounds pretty in a book.' De Molton looked serious; he could not joke upon the subject. Blanche also looked serious, for she thought he was rather over solemn, and she firmly resolved she would not be poor after Mrs. Jones's fashion. Blanche worked very diligently at the little cap; and when she had finished the cap, she

embroidered the body of a little frock, and shewed them exultingly to her husband. Still these preparations did not go far towards providing the expected scion of the house of De Molton with the necessary wardrobe, and Blanche feared she should be obliged to procure many articles ready-made in the town. 'Why should not your maid work at them, my dear?' suggested De Molton, as he found her considering, and wondering, and calculating, what plan she had best pursue. 'Why, perhaps she would undertake the caps for me, but she has never been used to any thing but dress-making. Mamma never expected her to do anything else.' 'You have been working so much yourself, surely you must have done a great deal.' 'Oh yes! this cap and this body. Look how beautiful they are!' Blanche's distresses on this score were, however, soon relieved by learning from Lady Cumberworth that her good-natured sisters-in-law had amused themselves by making and providing every thing she could want, and that a lovely set of baby-linen would meet her at Lord Falkingham's, where she was to pass some time previous to her confinement, in order that she might be under her mother's eye. She was not sorry when the time came for leaving the pretty smoky cottage. The March winds did not agree with the chimney, and she was not well enough to be able to roam among the dells and dingles, the shaws and the banks, in search of violets and primroses; and she thought it would certainly be more desirable to enact the invalid, with all appliances and means to boot, in her father's luxurious mansion, than in the windy, smoky, creaking lath-and-plaster cottage, which looked so pretty in the beginning of September. In London, Blanche would have been perfectly happy, with her kind father,—her mother who loved her, though not with the usual melting tenderness of a mother,—with her husband, who was as handsome and interesting in appearance, and, if possible, more affectionate in his attentions than ever,—and with her husband's family doing upon her,—if it had not been that Lady Falkingham treated De Molton with a shade of superciliousness. She always spoke of her daughter as 'poor Blanche,' wondered to see her look so well after the terrible winter she had passed in a house scarcely weather-tight, alluded constantly to the great change that had taken place in her situation, and almost ridiculed the notion of the Miss De Moltons having presented her with such pretty worked caps and embroidered frocks for the 'poor little creature' that was expected! These speeches, although they contained some undeniable truths, were extremely galling to De Molton, and very unpleasant to Blanche, for his sake, as well as for her own. Blanche found herself infinitely happier with her husband's family, where, instead of being treated as a person who was now to be looked down upon by those who were once her compeers, she was considered the most charming of her sex; adored by Lady Cumberworth for having loved her son so disinterestedly; made a fuss with by the Miss De Moltons because they were good-humoured girls, by nature inclined to like, rather than dislike, any fine, natural, affectionate creature of their own age; and very much admired by Lord Cumberworth, who thought she was an exceedingly fine woman, and that Frank was a very lucky fellow, for the present, at least, however the marriage might turn out in the long-run."

The writer of these passages could hardly produce a work which could not afford pleasing reading: the present is eminently entitled to that praise.

Records of a Route through France and Italy; with Sketches of Catholicism. By W. Rae Wilson, F.A.S., &c. Author of "Travels in the Holy Land." &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 472. London, 1835. Longman and Co.

MR. WILSON is known to the public as an indefatigable traveller, and of strong religious and political opinions. In his Preface, he anticipates that the expression of these may provoke disapprobation; but it is fortunate for us that our principle of abstaining from controversial topics places them aside, and leaves only for our critical animadversion subjects of a more general and less acrimonious character. With regard to unmuzzling the hyena of the Romish church in England we shall have nothing to say: enough for us to start from Calais, and follow the somewhat trodden track of our tourist to Paris, Lyons, Turin, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Sicily, Rome, Florence, Venice, and "back again."

Of Parisian manners Mr. Wilson is not an enthusiastic admirer, and ridicules the etiquette of the silver-fork school with the following anecdote "of a gentleman who once humorously ridiculed such vulgar would-be delicacy. In a company where some one had been noting the plebeian habits of one of the guests whom he had observed eating with his knife, he took the opportunity of saying to him, 'Have you not heard of poor L——'s shocking catastrophe? He dined yesterday at M——'s, apparently well and cheerful; when at the dinner table he suddenly took up his knife, and——' 'Good Heaven! and did he actually cut his throat?' 'No, not quite so bad as that neither; but he shocked us all dreadfully; for the poor wretch actually——put it up to his mouth!!'"

On the French drama and literature the remarks are just and forcible:—

"The French (he says), I fear, have not profited by their dear-bought lessons so well as they ought to have done. A feverish love of change, for the mere sake of change, keeps them ever restless, dissatisfied, easily put into good humour by some public display, but then as easily kindled into madness again upon the slightest occasion. Whatever tends to excite discontent and insubordination is most welcome and most popular. The revolutionary principle lurks within both their literature and their drama. The most audacious and revolting libertinage and impurity are at present the staple of the greater part of the one and the other. If it be said that the pictures thus exhibited are rather derived from the frenzies of maniac imagination than drawn from actual life, the familiar contemplation of vice, set out so studiously *con amore*, cannot but be attended with a fearful reaction on public morals. In some they must undoubtedly excite disgust, for hardly is it possible that an entire people should be so sunk in depravity as to relish them; yet that they are relished by the majority it is impossible to doubt, else wherefore are they encouraged, or wherefore are they even tolerated?"

At Pisa Lord Byron comes in for a smack of the author's plain dealing and straight-forward manner of speaking of what he disapproves; and we quote a portion as a sample of his book.

"Pisa ought, undoubtedly, to be considered consecrated by it, since it was here that he wrote several cantos of his *Don Juan*; a strange production, it must be confessed, for one who, at the outset of his literary career, exclaimed, in most Cato-like tone,

'The Muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.'

Others have been reviled as renegadoes, apos-

tates, and turn-coats, for far more excusable, and, perhaps, meritorious inconsistency between their earlier and their later conduct and opinions. Granting that Lord Byron possessed all, or even ten times the genius his most enthusiastic admirers claim for him, it is not easy to perceive how intellectual power can justify moral turpitude, or how vice is rendered innocuous in proportion as it is palatable and alluring. Prostituted genius is but splendid guilt. When great talents are employed for the benefit of mankind they command respect; not so when abused and employed for the purpose of sapping and undermining moral and religious principle; of sneering and doubting, and doubting and sneering at what constitutes the best, the only safeguards of society. The language of a living Italian writer, when speaking of Guicciardini, is strikingly applicable to Byron:—"By those who rank talents and knowledge," says Rossini, "above all other human qualities, this man will be ranked one of the most eminent characters of his time; but by those who are of opinion that virtue ought to be more highly esteemed than any thing else, his memory will be held in detestation." Unfortunately, the world is but too inclined to accept genius, talents, nay, almost mere cleverness, as an equivalent for what is of infinitely greater importance. It forms of them idols, before which it grovellingly prostrates itself. Again, it is urged, in extenuation of brilliant yet profligate writers, that their works do not produce that harm which is imagined; and that there are antidotes against the most pernicious doctrines. Yet is it to be feared that those who swallow the poison are precisely those who eschew the antidote; besides which, the criminality on the part of the authors is just the same, whether bad consequences result from their publications or not.

To say that there have been many others besides Lord Byron who have employed their pens in the cause of lewdness and unholiness, is no excuse for him, unless we assume that guilt is only comparative; that no one is guilty, if not the very guiltiest of all—a monster of unparalleled turpitude. An English poet of the nineteenth century certainly cannot avail himself of the plea frequently put forth in extenuation of similar literary offences, namely, that great allowance is to be made for the ignorance and licentiousness of the times when they wrote, and the then state of society. In Byron's flagitious performance there is very evidently a studied purpose to corrupt. This *animus* is every where apparent, from beginning to end. Lord Byron could not be that consummate fool we must suppose him to have been, if we say that he probably considered there was nothing particularly mischievous in it. Good God! and are we to be insulted by being told, by way of apology, that it contains many splendid poetic passages? These gems are set in the most disgusting ordure; we can neither touch them without being defiled, nor contemplate them without sickening. After all, those who like to go with the crowd in the admiration of Byron are at liberty to do so; but I, for one, must be excused from bearing them company to the shrine of their adoration. Genius I do not depreciate: the abuse of it all ought to deprecate; for in proportion to its excellence in a good cause is its atrocity in an evil one; then, as Cowper has well expressed it,

'Worse than a poniard in the basest hand,
It stabs at once the morals of a land.'

It is not for finite and erring creatures to judge a brother sinner; yet neither should mistaken compassion seduce us so far as to applaud where

we ought to condemn, to extenuate where extenuation becomes apology, to disguise or to palliate the principle of mischief that remains to corrupt others. Let us not impiously deify talents without any reference to the application made of them. Where the noblest gifts have been liberally bestowed, the perversion of them, so far from arguing superior merit, only argues superior baseness. And it may be well for us to bear in mind that genius exists but for time; it is righteousness which endureth for eternity."

Naples shall furnish us with but one illustration:—

"The subject of education suggests to me to introduce here some account of a very singular seminary established at Naples, namely, the college for Chinese. The pupils are brought over from their native country when quite children, and are carefully instructed in different languages and various studies. Above all, they are most zealously trained up in the tenets of the Roman Catholic faith, the object being to send them home again as missionaries to propagate its doctrines among their countrymen. Very few ever return to Italy to give an account of their success, and of the number of converts they have made; for it is supposed that most of them fall a sacrifice to the fury and prejudices of their own people, who regard them as apostates; the Chinese being as intolerant of heresies and innovations as the Catholics themselves. Perhaps, in one respect, Catholicism is well calculated to obtain proselytes among pagan nations, because it offers other images and other superstitions for those it seeks to abolish; but, at the same time, it is too narrow and exclusive in its creed to be adapted for communicating the simple truths of the Gospel in their original purity and force. In the hall we were first shewn into, the walls were nearly covered with portraits of *élèves*, who had been sent out as missionaries, and forfeited their lives in the cause they had espoused. During their abode here the students are not permitted to go abroad, or to hold any intercourse, save with their teachers and each other. Hence they are enabled to keep up their native language by conversing chiefly among themselves. In their costume there is nothing particularly remarkable, as it consists merely of a black gown and cap of the same colour: but their physiognomy and complexion sufficiently indicate the country of their birth. The latter is exceedingly sallow, or rather yellow, while their high cheek-bones, small sunk eyes, arched eyebrows, flat noses, and thick lips, give them all a strange similarity of look. They shewed us a number of curiosities of their own workmanship, and pointed out to our notice a lantern suspended from the ceiling of the apartment, on which were represented various figures that are set in motion by some piece of mechanism. They spoke several languages fluently; and on my mentioning that I had visited Jerusalem and other places in the Holy Land, they exhibited much curiosity after further particulars, putting a great number of questions to me relative both to the city and the country in general. These youths continue in the college, under a strict system of study and discipline, until they have made such proficiency as may qualify them for the hazardous mission they are obliged to undertake."

The following features of Sicily may deserve notice:—

"Lotteries fare much better here than literature does. There are some where a ticket may be purchased as low as the value of an

English halfpenny, and a drawing takes place every week; when the prizes are communicated by telegraph to all parts of the island. The shops where the tickets are sold are generally crowded with candidates for luck; yet it is the government, after all, which reaps the greatest benefit; for it contrives to secure to itself a handsome revenue out of this seemingly paltry and insignificant traffic. As to the folly of lotteries, it may be questioned whether there is much more harm in throwing away a halfpenny so, than in spending three or four at a gin-shop, especially if, as often proves the case, the gin-shop is resorted to twice, thrice, or four times a day. I have not yet spoken of the female part of the population of Messina; nor can I now say any thing particularly complimentary of them. Abuse our own climate as we may, it is certainly far more favourable to beauty than that of Sicily, where the women begin to fade away by the time they reach the not very mature age of twenty. After that they become wrinkled; and at thirty some of them are perfect hags. Consequently, if the duration of female life is to be computed by the duration of female charms, English women live at least twice as long as Sicilian ones. I must confess, too, that the latter did not look at all the more agreeable in my eyes for submitting their heads so frequently to each other's examination in the public street. The populousness of these fair creatures' tresses might alarm even an anti-Malthusian. If it be the effect of climate, we have additional reason to bless our own: yet, let the cause be what it may, I cannot help thinking, as I remarked on a former occasion, that such 'delicate investigations' might be carried on far more decently in private. Excess of delicacy, however, is not the foible of the Sicilians; their notions of decorum are not particularly nice. Men are employed in all those duties elsewhere assigned to the other sex; if, therefore, an Englishwoman should not have a female attendant of her own, she must, at a hotel, be content to endure a male domestic in all the indispensable services of the bed-room—either to be waited upon by a 'lord of the bed-chamber,' or dispense with assistance altogether. Putting prudery out of the question, such a practice is quite at variance with our confined insular notions of propriety: hardly can it be other than distressing to a woman who regards the appearances of decency as well as the essentials of it. For this reason it may be that some of our travelled ladies take a plunge at once; and, in order to spare themselves the pain of having their feelings continually tormented, resign themselves to freedoms that are sometimes apt to adhere to them after their return home. A traveller, to whom I have before alluded, is pretty strong upon this point—as many may think most uncharitably so, when speaking of the contamination to which English females are exposed during a sojourn in Italy. Should they mix at all in society, they are constantly exposed to the vitiating influence of a degree of indecorum, nay, downright grossness, in the behaviour and conversation of their own sex, that is absolutely inconceivable to those who have always been accustomed to the decencies observed in English families and English society."

Our author complains severely of the treatment he received from Mr. C—n, the secretary to our ambassador at Naples; exposes indignantly the superstitions (as he denounces them) of the Holy Week at Rome; leaves that city, and returns by the route we have indicated, without affording us further matter either for quotation or remark.

The Laird of Logan; or, Wit of the West; being a Collection of Anecdotes, Jest, and Comic Tales. By John D. Carrick, author of the "Life of Sir William Wallace," &c. 18mo. pp. 307. Glasgow, 1835, Robertson; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Longman and Co.

To expect that a jest-book, or a book of witty and humorous anecdote, should be altogether new, would, at the present age of the world, be perfectly ridiculous. We, at least, are not of the order of critics who demand impossibilities; and we are, therefore, satisfied with this specimen of the entertaining from the west of Scotland. That country has been deemed of heavy climate—wet and dull; but surely if it possesses such inhabitants as the Laird of Logan, even its swamps and morasses must sparkle with wispish scintillations, and wild and freakish fires. From the single example we are almost bound to say that, if wise men and widsome are to be looked for from the east, we may quite as assuredly look for merry men and merriment from the (not far) west. At all events, the "Laird" shall make an amusing variety this week in our reviewing sheet.—*Ed. gr.*

"*Advice to Heiritors.*—Logan, whose property was originally very extensive, was in time necessitated to part with great part of his patrimonial inheritance. At a meeting of heiritors, the propriety of rebuilding the wall of the churchyard being discussed, some of those gentlemen who had recently become portioners of his estate seemed very much inclined that the wall should be repaired, and matters put in more decent order; but the witty and wayward laird, finding that all his rhetoric against the measure was likely to be overborne, dryly and cavalierly replied—'It's weel seen, gentlemen, ye are but young lairds, or ye would ken that it's aye time enough to repair the dykes when the tenants complain.'"

"*A lame Bargain.*—One day Logan attended a horse-market in his neighbourhood, for the purpose of selling a mare he wished for his own reasons to part with. After many inquiries were made by various dealers respecting price and other particulars, a customer at last presented himself, and the two soon came to terms. While paying down the cash, the buyer asked if he warranted the beast sure-footed? 'Sure-footed!' said the laird, 'what do you mean by that?' 'I mean,' said the other, 'does she keep her feet on the road?' 'I'll warrant she'll do that as weel's any beast that ever stepped; I've had her these four years, and I never kent her miss a foot yet.' The buyer, thus assured, mounted his bargain, and rode off. A few days after, however, he called at Logan House, and loudly complained of being deceived. 'Tell me how, man?' said the laird. 'Tell you how!' cried the indignant buyer, 'did you not assure me that she kept her feet? now I've only had her three days, and she's come down wi' me three times.' 'That may be,' said Logan, 'and the beast no to blame either: I'se warrant she's kept her feet for a' that, and if ye gang hame and count, ye'll find she has a' that e'er she had.'"

But Logan is not the sole support of this little volume; and we pass to other proofs of its humour.

"*Mother Wit.*—'Well, John,' said a laird to his tenant the other day, 'what's your opinion of this voluntary business?' 'Deed, sir, I'm a wee doubtfu' about it; it seems to me that it's the black coats themselfs that are making a' the stir: us puir folks are no fashin' ourselves muckle wi't.' 'You are quite right, John, it's certainly the ministers that are

leading the movement.' 'Then, sir, you may be sure that the ministers hae a drift o' their ain to drive; for my mother used to say to me,—'Jock,' said she, 'whenever ye see a flock o' crows fleeing a' ae way, depend upon it there's caws' business on hand.'"

"*Notice to Highland Customers.*—The following intimation was some time ago copied by the writer, from a placard on the walls of the lobby of the inn at the head of Loch-Suinart. 'Notice—No person will get credit for whisky, in this house, but those that pay money down.'"

"*The Laigh-Green.*—Some years ago, a poor boy went into a shop in Glasgow which belonged to one of the bailies. The boy having an interesting appearance, the magistrate put some questions to him respecting his education and moral instruction. Upon these points he found the boy very ignorant, as might be expected. The magistrate also inquired of him how he was employed on the Sunday, and was told that he begged on the week-days, and played himself on the Sabbath-day. 'What!' said the bailie, 'is that the way you spend the Sabbath-day? Do you know, my lad, where all those go that play themselves on the Sabbath-day?' 'Ay, sir,' says the boy, 'they gang to the Laigh-Green.'"

"*Highland Patience.*—A Highlander was one day brought before his chief, being accused of sheep-stealing. The crime being fully proved, Donald was sentenced to be hanged. It, however, happened that a singular indulgence was given to criminals in those days, viz. the choice of any particular tree they might wish to be hanged on. Accordingly, the person in office went up to Donald to inquire of him 'which tree he should prefer to be tucked up to?' Donald, with a rueful countenance, shrugging up his shoulders, grunted out 'Oich, oich, for I would like a grossart-bush.' 'A grossart-bush, you fool! a grossart-bush is not large enough to hang you.' 'Oh oich, but I'm in no hurry, I will just wait till it grow.'"

"*Curious Test of a Preacher's Talents.*—Two friends in the north were, a short time since, disputing about the comparative talents of their respective ministers. Both at last waxed wondrous hot upon the subject, till at last one of them settled the question by exclaiming, with all the consciousness of victory in the dispute, at the same time addressing his opponent, 'Your minister, sir, is a perfect driveller—a downright squeaker. When he speaks of a certain gentleman, the monarch of the nether world, he calls him, in a weak, tremulous voice, as if afraid to pronounce his name, 'the deevil'—but our minister calls him 'the devil,' at once; and more than that, sir, he speaks as if he did not care a — for him.'"

"*A Highland Wonder.*—One day two Highland drovers, while travelling to Paisley, were overtaken by one of the steam-carriages, then plying in that direction. The Celts, who had never either seen or heard of carriages being impelled by any other power than horse, stood lost in wonderment for a time. 'Pless me, Dougal, did you ever see the like o' that before—there is ta coach rin awa frae ta horse? Run, run, Dougal, like a good lad, and fetch him back.'"

"*Smelling strong of the Shop.*—A commercial traveller from a great dying-house in Glasgow, writes from Germany to his employers—'Elberfeldt is a most beautiful valley, and has evidently been intended by Providence for Turkey-red yarn dying establishment.'"

"*Whipping the Cat.*—The practice of 'whipping the cat,' though gradually disappearing, is not altogether abandoned by the tailors in this

district. Some time ago, one of these primitive knights of the thimble having been employed in an ale-house, the gudewife, by mistake, handed him a bottle of brandy along with his porridge, instead of small beer. Snip had not proceeded far in the process of mastication when he discovered the error; but recollecting the usually 'niggard' disposition of his hostess, he continued to ply the *cuttie* with his wonted dexterity, although the poignancy of the liquor caused him occasionally to make wry faces. The landlady, observing his distorted features, exclaimed, 'Fat ails your parridge the night, Lourie, that you're throwin' your face, an' lookin' sae ill pleased like?' 'Ou, gin ye kent that,' replied the tailor, 'ye wadna be very well pleased, mair than me.'"

"*A Hint to Wives.*—'If I'm not home from the party to-night at ten o'clock,' said a husband to his better and bigger half, 'don't wait for me.' 'That I wont,' said the lady, significantly, 'I wont wait—but I'll come for you.' He returned at ten precisely."

To these selections, reserving a few for varieties hereafter, we shall only add a local ballad, by Mr. Alexander Rodger, several of whose productions, in prose and verse, are among the best and cleverest productions in the book before us:—

"*Baudy Buchanan.*"

O, who hasna heard o' blythe Baudy Buchanan?
A hale hearty carle o' some sixty years stan'in;
Gae search the hale kintra, frae Lanark to Lunnon,
Ye'll scarce find the match o' blythe Baudy Buchanan:
For Baudy's sae cracky, an' Baudy's sae canny—
A frame o' threescore, wi' a spirit o' twenty—
Wi' his auld-farrant tales, an' his jokin' an' funnin',
A rich an' rare treat is blythe Baudy Buchanan.
Blythe Baudy Buchanan's a wonderful drinker
O' knowledge—for he's a great reader an' thinker;
There's scarcely an author frae Benham to Bunyan,
But has been run dry by blythe Baudy Buchanan:
He kens a' the courses an' names o' the planets—
The secret manoeuvres o' courts an' o' senates—
Can tell you what day Habel's tower was begun on;—
Sae deep read in books is blythe Baudy Buchanan.
He can play on the bag-pipe, the flute, an' the fiddle,
Explain any text, or expound any riddle;
At deep calculation, at drawing, an' plannin',
There's naebdy equal to Baudy Buchanan.
He kens how the negroes are black an' thick-lippit—
An' what mak's the Hottentot moids sae big-lippit—
How the lasses in Turkey sae muckle are run on;
Sae versed in sic matters is Baudy Buchanan.
How the English like beer, an' the Scotch like their
whisky—

How Frenchmen are temperate, lively, an' frisky—
How the Turks are sae grave, and the Greeks are sae
cunnin'—

Can a' be explained by blythe Baudy Buchanan.
An' mair than a' that, he can trace out the cause
O' rain an' fair weather, o' frosts and o' thaws,
An' what keeps the earth in its orbit still runnin';
Sae wonderfu' learned is blythe Baudy Buchanan.

When round his fire-side neebours meet at the gloamins,
An' hear him describe the auld Greeks an' the Romans—
How they battled an' fought without muskit or cannon—
The folks glow wi' wonder at Baudy Buchanan.
Or when he descends frae the grave to the witty,
An' tells some queer story, or sings some droil ditty,
Wi' his poetry, pleasant, purzin', an' punnin',
Their sides are made sair wi' blythe Baudy Buchanan.

We have only to add, that some excellent and characteristic sketches, &c. by Mr. Motherwell, are to be found in these pages. His 'Baillie Pirnie' (from an unpublished work he is preparing for the press) is worthy of the best of John Galt. The last paper, entitled 'The Barber's Dream,' by the editor, also shews, by its originality and humour, that he was most competent for the task he has here so agreeably performed.

Hoskins' Travels in Ethiopia, &c.

[Third and concluding notice.]

DEPARTING from Shendy, Mr. Hoskins arrived at the ruins of Wady Owataib, or Meaurat, and thus describes the concomitants of a journey in search of antiquities:

"I was surprised to find in this situation, which may be called the interior of the desert, such extensive remains of antiquity. They consist of an edifice, containing temples, courts, corridors, &c. destined for purposes not religious only, but civil, domestic, or military. After taking a general survey, I returned to my tent for my portfolio, pencils, &c. My dragoman met me, with a bewildered look, and communicated to me intelligence which was any thing but agreeable. A man, who was driving cattle, the only person we have met to-day, came and asked my servants, who were pitching the tent, if they were not afraid of lions, as they seemed to be preparing to pass the night amongst the ruins. He told them that he brought his cattle here to pasture only during the day, when the lions are asleep in their dens among the mountains, but through the night they prow all over this part of the plain; and only six nights ago four of them had killed three of his cattle, within 200 yards of our tent. He shewed them the spot where their bones lay, and advised us immediately to quit this place, and remove either to the Nile, or to a distant mountain, whither he was going, and where we should be in safety. These tidings caused no slight consternation in my little caravan; some repented having come, others wished to return immediately; all seemed dismayed at the idea of passing the night exposed to such unpleasant visitors. Was I, then, to leave the antiquities of Meroe, and abandon the hope of being able to procure any further memorials of their magnificence? There were only two alternatives: to return, with the mortification of having failed in one of the great objects of my journey, and still, as we could not arrive before night, perhaps incur the same danger; or to take the necessary precautions for defence in case of being attacked by these animals. I chose the latter course, and made my men collect all the wood that could be found, to keep up fires during the night. I sent my dragoman and the Turkish soldier towards the neighbouring hills, to see if they could discover any traces of them. After an hour they returned, and said they had seen none. The fact was, my dragoman did not know their footprints, and the Turk concealed the truth. Scarcely had I finished an address to my artist and servants, endeavouring to assure them that, after this intelligence, we should, with proper precautions, be perfectly safe, when, looking down, I perceived, in my very tent, the distinct traces of a lion; but I put my foot upon them, and said nothing. I could discover no other marks about the ruins; but a very light wind is sufficient to efface the impression on a loose sandy desert like this. This evening I have established a watch, and kept it myself five hours. My servants are sleeping on the ground, according to their custom, and have taken the precaution to form the camels into a sort of fortification, by tying them down in a circle round themselves. They are now all sleeping soundly, unconscious of danger, except my habeeb, who has fastened the heel of his camel to his own leg, knowing well that the instinct of that creature (trembling and restive whenever a lion is near) will warn him of danger, and at the same time the animal will be prevented from flying off and escaping without his master.—March 11. I had not been long asleep, during the watch of my servants and artist, when I was suddenly roused. The Turk had seen two lions among the ruins, within 100 yards of my tent, and had fired his gun to frighten them away. I immediately ordered additional fires to be lighted: shortly

afterwards, the peasant who had advised us against encamping here came to us for protection. By the light of the moon he had perceived the approach of two lions, which, he said, were behind him in the plain. I went a short distance from my tent, with the Turk, to reconnoitre, and I heard them roaring at no considerable distance. The roar soon became very distinct, even in my tent, but it did not prevent my falling asleep, as I was dreadfully fatigued by the previous day's work, the long watch I had made, and the excessive heat: this was, yesterday, extraordinary for the season, being 110° in the shade (of the temple), though the extreme has been hitherto 98° and 100°. I slept the remainder of the night. This morning we found that the four lions had rambled all over the ruins, and their traces were quite fresh in every part. They had evidently been deterred only by our fires from attacking us. I ascertained them, by their footprints, to be two males and two females; one of the males must have been very large, the females much smaller.

"The Arabs tell some singularly superstitious tales of the generosity of the lion. The following has been related to me, as a fact, by different peasants; but I must confess that, like the generality of Arab tales, it partakes of the marvellous: yet, perhaps, with a *mélange* of fable, there may be some kind of foundation of truth. They say, that when the lion seizes the cow of a peasant, he will permit the owner to carry away a portion; particularly if he asks for it in the name of his mother, wife, or family, and takes it without shewing any fear."

Of the ruins themselves, he says:—

"Even if all the walls were remaining, without any inscription to elucidate them, it would still be doubtful what this extraordinary mass of building has been. The appearance of the ruins is very imposing, from their immense extent; and I will give a detailed description of them, as they are certainly the most curious and inexplicable I have yet seen in Ethiopia. They consist of chambers, courts, corridors, and temples, in an inclosure or parallelogram, 760 by 660 feet; but, in more accurate numbers, the entire circumference is 2854 feet."

"In a direct line, they are distant from the river six hours' journey, which may be sixteen or eighteen miles. About a quarter of a mile from the ruin, I saw three or four blocks of stones, but no indication of their having formed part of an aqueduct, and there are no traces of wells; but both may have existed, and be now entirely buried by the sand of the desert. I could not, however, observe or hear of any decided traces of aqueducts between the ruin and the river. The occupants of the edifice may have been supplied with water by geer-bahs, as the peasants of Metammah and other villages distant from the river are at this day. If the edifice was only used as a residence during the season of the malaria, the rain-water might have been preserved in cisterns and in the sacred lakes; but rain does not invariably fall here every year, and would afford, therefore, only a precarious supply. Those, however, who constructed such a building would certainly know how to sink a well, and, from the appearance of the ground, the trees, and the vicinity of the mountains, I do not conceive it would be a very laborious undertaking to find water. Cailland considered this edifice to have been a college of priests; and Professor Heeren supposes it to be the celebrated Ammonium. I think neither of these suppositions probable."

But we can only refer to the reasoning on this point, and advance to other subjects:—

"The antiquities of the island of Meroe, as will have been seen, are not the only remains to indemnify the traveller for his fatigues. The interesting site of Gibel el Birkel, with its extensive, picturesque, and curious monuments; the pyramids of Nouri; the colossal statues of Argo; and the temples of Solib and Semneh, are all interesting in the extreme; and, besides the antiquities, the traveller cannot but be interested in the manners and customs of a people who have not yet adopted those of their conquerors."

Of the remarkable inscriptions at Meroe, portions of which are engraved, to illustrate the present volume, Mr. H. says—

"Many scientific men have urged me to publish the whole of these inscriptions; and Signor Rosellini informed me that he should add another volume to his work from these materials. I hope this able writer will not forget his promise, and will excuse my employing it as an apology for not undertaking the interpretation of any portion of them myself; as such an attempt, on my part, would only be unsatisfactory to the learned, and tiresome to the general reader."

The beverage of the Berbers "is the bouza, a species of beer made of dourah, boiled in a jar, and drunk after a day or two, when it ferments. It is not of a very intoxicating quality, but they drink gallons of it at a sitting. One of the peasants intimated to me his regret that the prophet had only promised them rivers of milk in his paradise, instead of bouza. They have also the *meresi* and *bulbul*, more delicate descriptions of the same beverage; and a strong but tasteless spirit (*arrake*), with a very wretched liquor which they call wine; both these last being extracted from the date. They are civil and attentive to strangers, but there is something overstrained in their obsequiousness. They have the reputation of being great thieves."

"The Arabs in general, but especially the Berbers, are averse to active exertion. I have often seen several of them sitting together for many hours in the shade, with their eyes half closed, in a listless and supine state, neither talking nor engaged in any occupation. Sometimes they were smoking, yet at the same time apparently unconscious that pipes were in their mouths. Perfect repose of body and mind, the *dolce far niente* of the Italians, is the highest felicity they are able to conceive. Endowed with an imperturbable stock of apathy,—more comfortable, perhaps, although not so intellectual, as European philosophy,—they submit to a distressing accident, which would throw one of our countrymen almost into a fever, without allowing their equanimity to be in the least disturbed. '*Mactub min Allah!*' it is written, It is the will of God! they exclaim, with placid resignation; and, instead of brooding over their misfortune, become immediately reconciled to it, and, with amazing facility, banish it from their thoughts."

With this, leaving out any notice of the author's theories respecting the ancient history of the country, we shall take our leave of the work, in which some repetitions occur which more careful revision might have prevented, as well as have corrected the style, where the same English words are too often repeated, and French phrases interlarded unnecessarily—such as *en route*, *en profile*, *en face*, *coiffure*, *comme il faut*, &c. &c. These specks, however, detract but little from the mass and quality of the information, and especially the engravings,

for which the public have to thank the indefatigable and enterprising traveller.

Ernest Campbell. By J. Ainslie, Esq. Author of *Aurungzebe*, 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1835. Cochrane and Co.

A STORY between the fifteen and forty-five, in which the author has, at some considerable distance, followed the footsteps of Sir Walter Scott. Mystery, villany, plotting, love, low and humorous character, events connected with the state of the country at the period, are all wrought into the usual shape of a novel, many parts of which will interest the novel reader. The author's great defect is that of being above his business. His grave-diggers and ploughmen (see pages 9, 10, 11, &c. vol. i.) hold colloquies like wits and scholars; and in general all his inferior personages speak unsuitably to their condition in life. There is also an occasional want of versimilitude, and matters are described which could not have been. For instance, the sexton of an obscure hamlet tells that he has in his vocation, dug every inch of the churchyard thrice over—now this churchyard extended to two acres, and even in the midst of plague or cholera, we should like to know where corpses could be had to fill, in such a secluded situation, within the space of forty or fifty years, a space equivalent to six acres of ground. The style is altogether too ornamented, and would be well exchanged for the easy and familiar: still we look to *Ernest Campbell's* being read by the many who delight in the library circulating.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the Time of Shakespeare; with Notes, by Charles Lamb. 2 vols. 12mo. (London, Moxon.)—A new and very neat edition of a work which ought never to be out of print, for it is one full of sweetness and beauty. Next to the original sources from which they drew—to Nature, the only Helicon and Parnassus—there are no founts so rich in inspiration as our ancient dramatists; and this collection of their finest effusions by a skilful hand, directed by a mind deeply imbued with their sense, is at once a delightful memorial of their genius, and a remarkable illustration of the age which produced such a constellation of poetical brightness. These volumes, indeed, abound in gems, curious, and of inestimable value. Sackville, Norton, Kyd, Peele, Marlowe, Robert Tailor, Brewer, Cooke, Decker, Webster, Marston, Chapman, Heywood, Brooke, Middleton, Rowley, Ford, Greville, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Field, Shirley, and others, all contribute to the delightful treat. Like the writings of Shakespeare himself, you may take up this work a thousand and a thousand times, and never tire of its endless attractions. We must be content with saying so much for its greater parts, and only copy two or three of the lighter facitæ for variety's sake. The first is worthy of Beau Brummell, who, for vegetables, once ate a pea!—

"*Modern Sybarite.*—Softly, ye villains!—the rogues of chairmen have trundled me over some damn'd nutshell or other, that gave me such a jerk as has half murder'd me."

"*Essays at Essays.*—1. O, eternal blockhead! did you never write Essays? 2. I did essay to write Essays, but I cannot say I writ Essays."—*Newcastle.*

"*Hard Words.*—Indiscreetibility, and essential spissitude: words which, though I am no competent judge of, for want of languages, yet I fancy strongly ought to mean nothing."—*Mrs. Behn.*

"*Beauties at Church.*—Fair women in churches have as ill effect as fine strangers in grammar-schools: for though the boys keep on the humdrum still, yet none of 'em mind their lesson for looking about 'em."—*Fane.*

A Greek and English Lexicon, &c. by M. Wright. 12mo. (London, Tegg; Glasgow, Griffin and Co.; Tegg, Dublin, and Sydney, Australia.)—A very neat and convenient volume, and on a good plan. It is in four parts, "Greek—English, difficult inflections, English—Greek, and proper names;" so that it is amply sufficient for the uses of the student and reader of Greek. An introduction explanatory of terminations adds to its value.

The Popular Encyclopædia, Part V. (Glasgow and Edinburgh, Blackie and Son.)—The first part of the third volume of this edition of the "Conversations Lexicon," and carrying it forward with due care and discrimination. The present half-volume goes from the word "England" to the word "Germany," and both from its cheapness and comprehensiveness deserves well of the general public. The preceding Part, IV., we have not seen; but we judge they are all of equal merit.

The Empress; a Novel, by G. Bennett, author of "The Albanians." 2 vols. 12mo. (London, Smith, Elder, and

Co.)—We never could take a human interest even in the best written tales of Roman life. The character of the people is repugnant to feeling and romance. Mr. Bennett has done his best, from classic reading, to clothe the period and court of Nero with attractions; and has presented many customs and historical matters in a light which may engage those who would not look for them elsewhere.

Noble Deeds of Woman. 12mo. pp. 267. (London, Hookham; Baily and Co.; Souter).—A charming selection of examples of female excellence in all the varied walks of life, in every rank, and under every vicissitude. The fair compiler has set before her sex a multitude of impressive lessons which cannot fail to inspire virtuous and exalted conduct. The anecdotes themselves are replete with interest, and whether as a story-book or a guide-book, we are unacquainted with a more delightful work to be put into the hands of the rising generation. No pains have been spared in seeking out the fittest specimens, and we must compliment the author on the diligence as well as judgment with which she has executed her task from the earliest to these our living times.

The Sea-Side Companion; or, Marine Natural History, by Mary Roberts, author of "Domesticated Animals," "Conchologist's Companion," &c. 12mo. pp. 240. (London, Whittaker).—This is another excellent book for the youthful and inquisitive, placing before them in the most popular and agreeable form, the interesting facts of natural history connected with marine productions, zoophytes, sponges, coralline, and fishes. It is full of instruction and amusement.

The Naturalist's Library, conducted by Sir W. Jardine, Bart. &c. *Entomology*, Vol. II. (London, H. K. Duncan, Edinburgh, Lizart).—This, though the 2d vol. on entomology, is the first in publication; the introductory volume not being quite ready. It is a beautiful production, prefaced by a memoir of Ray, giving a concise view of coleopterous insects, and a scientific description of about 130 beetles, with accurate and beautiful plates.

Smith's Wealth of Nations, Vol. I. (London, Knight).—A new edition of the *Wealth of Nations*, in the cheap and neat form of our prevalent monthly publications, seems to be an undertaking likely to meet with popular encouragement. Few works on political economy can compare with Adam Smith's for intelligence, and not one for entertainment.

Picture of Slavery in the United States of America. Reprinted. Pp. 186. (Glasgow, M'Phun).—A frightful picture of the horrors with which man, armed with absolute power—a process which in many nations turns man into devil—afflicts his fellow-creatures. The author also bitterly inveighs against voluntarism and republicanism, and supports himself by the statement of circumstances which he asserts to be strictly true. They are almost, however, in some cases, too strong for belief.

Sir E. Blyden's Edition of Milton, with Turner's Designs, Vol. II. (London, Macneil).—The frontispiece is by Romney, engraved by Edwards, and represents the blind bard dictating to his daughters; the vignette is Turner's, the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. The volume contains the first six books of *Paradise Lost*, and is beautifully got up.

Boswell's Life of Johnson, Vol. V. (London, Murray).—Concludes the journals and letters, and has, besides, some interesting miscellaneous matter and correspondence. Stanfield's view of Edinburgh, the frontispiece, is superb, and his Iona vignette full of sentiment; both finely engraved by E. Finden.

The Philosophy of Manufactures; or, an Exposition of the Scientific, Moral, and Commercial Economy of the Factory System of Great Britain. By Andrew Ure, M.D. F.R.S. &c. Pp. 400. London, C. Knight.—It is impossible for us to mention a work of more practical usefulness, or more valuable information, than this volume by Dr. Ure. The mass of information he has gathered together, the skill and judgment with which he has arranged, and the ability with which he has treated every branch of his important subject, are above any stinted eulogy. "The book is full of curious and interesting facts; and we are sure that very valuable hints may be derived from it on many points of the deepest consequence to our manufactures and manufacturing system."

The Belgic Revolution of 1830, by Charles White, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. (Whittaker and Co.).—This work begins with a dedication to "Misses Charles White," in which the author says:—"It is the ordinary practice of historical and political writers to send forth their productions under the patronage of the great and powerful. I deviate from this custom. . . . Accept, then, this dedication as a feeble proof of my gratitude and affection.—The Author." Whether the grey mare (of the *Whites*) be the better horse or not, we leave to this inscription of the Belgic insurrection, and proceed to that revolution itself, as white-washed by the author. In his preface, we must do him the justice to say he throws the pallid of cold water on his work, by telling us that he intended to write a good history, and stating the causes which have led him to another course (pp. viii., ix.). Under these circumstances, whether it would not have been wiser not to write at all,—or that (as Hamlet says) is the question." We are inclined to think that Hamlet's question is a curious particular in these volumes, of the parties who brought about the Belgic revolution, and who still figure in the politics of that country. Two short quotations may explain the nature of these details; and for the rest we must refer to the work itself.

"The charges brought against De Potter, Tielemans, and others, were doubtless of such a nature as would have led to their condemnation by any impartial jury in Europe

or America. Indeed, the trial of M. Tielemans presented certain features that seemed to legitimate the severest reprisals on the part of the government. But the remedy in these cases was worse than the evil; for it did but increase the sedition it sought to stifle, and disseminate more widely the doctrines it strove to curb. The government had in some measure to thank itself for another evil that occurred. In its earnest desire to realise its assertion of the Netherlands being the 'classic soil of liberty,' as well as with a view of attracting foreign skill and industry, the utmost encouragement was offered to strangers of all classes to settle on its hospitable and fertile soil. Thus Brussels became the rendezvous, the representative assembly, of all the discontented spirits in Europe. Regicide conventionalists, exiled Napoleonists, proscribed constitutionalists, persecuted Carbonari, oppressed Poles, disgraced Russians, Radical English, and visionary German students, indiscriminately flocked to the metropolis of Brabant. There, allying themselves with such as might be regarded as the most disaffected portion of society, they not only gave full scope to their animadversions on their own governments, but largely contributed to inflame and excite the imagination of the natives against that of the Netherlands. Of these strangers, many were conscientious, enlightened, and honourable men, victims of the most cruel acts of despotism. But amongst the number there were not a few individuals of broken fortune and desperate character—men whose sole element was commotion and civil discord—who had nothing to lose, but every thing to gain, by convulsion, and who were utterly reckless of the miseries that such convulsions entail on the majority. More dangerous guests could not be harboured in the bosom of any country."

Another concomitant evil remains to be pointed out. In order to give greater extension to the book trade, and to promote the various branches of industry dependent on this kind of commerce, foreign and native booksellers were encouraged to establish themselves in Brussels; and a system of literary piracy was carried on to an immense extent. Cheap editions of almost every work prohibited in France and elsewhere were reprinted, and thus a multitude of pamphlets were disseminated through the country, containing doctrines most hostile to neighbouring governments, and essentially calculated to prejudice the public against the ruling administration. Here, again, the ministry were under the necessity of permitting the existence of this evil, or of placing restrictions on a trade which shed lustre on the metropolis, and added to the general commercial prosperity of the state."

Hi bien! what could follow but revolution?" *Colburn's Modern Novels*.—The second volume of *Brasserie House* continues this cheap and popular edition, of which it forms Vol. VII.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EXPEDITION TO THE EUPHRATES.

Latest Accounts.

WE rejoice to have in our power from the latest accounts, a letter from Captain Murphy to Captain Robe, to remove the apprehensions excited by the paragraphs in the journals, to the effect that important obstacles had been opposed to the progress of this expedition by Mehemet Ali, in consequence of some misunderstanding between the Pasha and the Sublime Porte. No such difficulties had occurred, and on the contrary, Ibrahim Pasha had paid every civility and attention to our countrymen, who had proceeded at once with the disembarkation of their stores, baggage, machinery, &c. The only delay was occasioned by Mehemet Ali not having preceded their arrival by instructions to his son, pointing out the line of conduct he desired to be pursued towards them. Waiting their receipt, our friends were all in excellent spirits, and under no apprehension of their course being impeded.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

ON Wednesday one of those specimens of ancient funeral art was unrolled at the Theatre of Anatomy* (Kinnerton Street, Wilton Place), near St. George's Hospital, in the presence of a crowd of professional gentlemen, individuals who have studied Egyptian antiquities, and amateurs and men of fashionable distinction. Mr. Pettigrew, who is so thoroughly conversant with the subject, being present, was requested to offer any remarks which occurred to him to

* In mentioning this new building, we take the opportunity of saying that a theatre of anatomy more perfect in all its departments—well lighted, well ventilated, and well fitted for facilitating instruction in every branch of anatomical knowledge and surgical practice, has never come under our observation.—*Ed. L. G.*

the assembly; which he obligingly did in a distinct and able manner. He pointed out, with regard to this particular mummy, that, after the case had been painted in the usual manner, a thick coat of varnish had been laid upon it, so as almost to obliterate the hieroglyphics and symbols. It looked quite black; but whether this peculiarity proceeded from time, or the original colour of the varnish, was not conjectured. From some remains of yellow upon the face, it was known to be a female—the countenances of the male mummies being painted red; and Mr. P., from other indications, justly supposed that it was brought from Thebes. Mr. Wilkinson, from the inscription, made out that the body was that of a priestess of Ammon, named *Nastarbata* (or something very similar); and Mr. Davidson, another distinguished Egyptian traveller, assisted in the explanations which were required as the mummy was unrolled. It was not without difficulty that this task commenced, for the inner case, of layers of linen compressed into a sort of shell by a preparation of lime, had been so firmly imbedded in hot pitch, that it was no small trouble to separate them. The body, however, was at last got out, and the removal of the bandages, which were numerous* and carefully disposed, was effected. In this process another peculiarity was discovered. When nearly arrived at the corpse, an inner wrapping was found of great consistency, formed of the same linen as the other wrappings, but brown, evidently from some tannin application, and resembling cerecloth. Other substances seemed to have been sprinkled on this novel envelope of the whole mummy, the taste of which was bitter; but we were unable to ascertain whether vegetable or mineral. This wrapper was obliged to be cut through; and then, a few other bandages being stripped off, all that remained of the priestess was exposed to view. Unfortunately, this was of no value to Egyptian inquiry. The body was almost completely charred, in consequence of the embalming materials and pitch having been applied in a state of great heat, and it was impossible to make out any more than the external case recorded. No papyrus was found, no name or marks were on the bandages, the arms were disposed resting on the thighs in the usual way, a scarabæus, about an inch in length and of a common stone, was placed on the pit of the stomach, and a necklace of thin, blue, beetle-shaped beads, of no intrinsic worth, appeared to surround the neck; but this portion remained for more leisure examination.

Upon the whole, we gathered no new information from this experiment, but proof that much variety existed in the treatment of their dead by the ancient Egyptians.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Comprehensive Representative Chart of England and Wales. By the Author of the "Chronological Chart of Inventions and Discoveries." Bagster.

THIS is a large well-filled sheet; compiled, evidently with great care, "from the census of 1831, the Reform Act of 1833, Parliamentary returns, official documents, and other sources of authentic information." It exhibits, in numerous columns, every thing that can throw light upon the existing system of representation of the country; and, at the present period, when

* Mr. Clift mentioned that the bandages about the mummy unrolled at Surgeon's Hall (see *L. G.* of last year) measured 130 yards, and that the longest stripe was 18 feet. In the present instance, a partial hem and other marks showed that old linen was employed by the priests in these ceremonies.

domestic politics appear almost entirely to absorb all other considerations, will aid materially in rendering those politics intelligible.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, June 24th.—The Hebrew Scholars were decided:—

Pusey and Ellerton Foundation.—H. W. Churton, M.A. Fellow, Brasenose College. *Kennicott Foundation*.—E. J. Edwards, B.A. Balliol College.

The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's prizes for the ensuing year, viz.:—

For Latin Verse.—"Alexander ad Gangem."

For an English Essay.—"The effects of a national taste for general and diffusive reading."

For a Latin Essay.—"Antiquorum Romanorum in publicis operibus magnificentia."

Sir Roger Newdigate's prize for the best composition in English verse, not limited to five lines, "The Knights of St. John."

Theological Prize.—"The evidences of our Saviour's resurrection"—an English Essay; and it is expected that none will be sent in which exceeds in length the ordinary limits of recitation.

June 25th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in Medicine, with license to practice*.—H. Powell, Exeter College.

Masters of Arts.—R. R. Rothwell, Brasenose College, Grand Comptroller; Rev. W. Pearson, University College; T. D. Acland, Fellow, All Souls' College; Rev. A. Browne, Christ Church College; Rev. W. Sheppard, Rev. C. James, Exeter College; A. J. P. Lurwyche, Queen's College; Rev. F. Warre, Rev. A. Buller, Oriel College; Rev. H. James, S. E. Wentworth, Balliol College; Rev. J. Strickland, Rev. J. Kent, Wadham College; G. H. A. Beard, Rev. J. H. Samler, Pembroke College; Hon. J. Bruce, Fellow, F. J. Ellis, Merton College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Cockin, Scholar, Brasenose College; F. C. Brooke, H. R. Smyth, Christ Church College; G. A. Wright, Worcester College; Rev. T. Clarke, Queen's College; C. R. Tate, Scholar, Corpus Christi College.

CAMBRIDGE, 24th June.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—E. W. T. Hamilton, R. Shilleto, Trinity College; J. Cockerton, A. Donald, St. John's College; J. Purvis, St. Peter's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Cockin, Scholar, Brasenose College; F. C. Brooke, H. R. Smyth, Christ Church College; G. A. Wright, Worcester College; Rev. T. Clarke, Queen's College; C. R. Tate, Scholar, Corpus Christi College.

June 26th.—Sir William Browne's Medals were adjudged as follows:

Greek Ode.—J. I. Smith, Trinity College: Subject, "Delos."

Latin Ode.—Subject, "Belisarius;" and Epigrams, H. Drury, Caius College: Subject,

— "Amphora caput
Institui, currente rota cur urceus exit."

Observations on Documents preserved in the Monument Rooms of our ancient Nobility and Gentry.

It has often occurred to us, in our antiquarian and historical reveries, that there was great truth in the remark of the editor of the celebrated collection of letters written during the wars of York and Lancaster, commonly known as the "Paston Letters," that, "would the ancient nobility and gentry of this kingdom, and the present owners of manors and estates formerly belonging to religious societies, or to old and respectable families, permit their worm-eaten writings and mouldy papers to be carefully perused by those whose education and pursuits have given them knowledge and taste for such undertakings, it might not even now be too late to discover and bring to light many curious and valuable manuscripts, which probably would afford us fresh information in various arts and sciences, confirm doubtful facts, and fix on sure foundations many events in our own history, even from very early periods, now unknown or uncertain."*

If we look at the numerous histories of our country which have been compiled, and at the numerous biographical treatises which have recorded the characters and motives of the actors therein, we shall every day be more convinced that little is left to be done in history and biography, further than its *minuter illustration by original documents*. By such means "doubt-

* Preface by John Frenns, Esq. to Original Letters written during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III.

ful facts may be confirmed," erroneous statements reversed, the most interesting passages of history carried out in detail, and the student and general reader delighted by the near and particular examination of persons and events, which had only dimly glimmered on his view through the mists and shadows of general statements, little better than brief and uncertain traditions. The exemplification of this principle has afforded us, in our own days, the two valuable series of Original Letters, compiled chiefly from documents in the British Museum, by its present chief librarian, Sir H. Ellis, and the three volumes of the State Papers, from the valuable collection in the office expressly instituted for their conservation.

Public depositories being thus exhausted, or in the act of yielding up their available contents, the only mines for history, biography, and ancient manners, yet unwrought, must clearly be sought for in the neglected chests and dusty rolls preserved in the muniment-chambers of those ancient halls which still exist throughout the land, imparting to it a charm of realised romance, vainly to be sought for in countries whose civilisation is of comparatively recent date. These tangible, if mouldering monuments, link our hearts with those good old times when every great lord was the patriarch of his manorial township; they remind us of those better days when our country was more as one united family—

"Who with holy bell were knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped their eyes
Of drops that sacred pity had engendered."

Whatever, therefore, connects us with those less artificial periods of English society, keeps alive in us an interest and respect for our ancestral institutions, impresses on us the benefits of social and political union, and abstracts us from the heartless quackeries of modern Lycurguses; of those economists of population and capital, who consider that the poor man has no right to speculate upon the comforts of family and home, because *he is poor*, and that a miserable over-strained prudence is better than to venture something on his own honest exertions, relying on God's good providence for the issue. We are somewhat digressing, however, from our point—the preservation of unnoticed records of past times in our manorial residences.

A curious instance that such deposits are not mere day-dreams of the antiquarian brain, has fallen recently within our own knowledge, in a collection of MSS. found in an ancient mansion, situated at no great distance from Guildford, in Surrey; in one of the grey turrets of which is a muniment-room, where every thing connected with a family highly respected in the county, and enjoying the patronage, consideration, and correspondence of the court, had, for three centuries past, been preserved. The MSS. in this depository begin, we understand, with the reign of Henry VIII., and give many curious particulars, from original documents, of his repudiated consort, Anne of Cleves. Among the papers have also been found an unique pamphlet, printed by R. Pynson, being the "Ordinances of War" promulgated by Henry VIII. to his forces in his expedition to Boulogne, A.D. 1513; which gave rise, in subsequent times, to our present military code, or "Articles of War." Of Wyatt's rebellion, and the means used in the county of Surrey for its suppression, by the seizure of the persons, arms, and armour, of influential individuals, some curious illustrations have been brought forth. Of the revels of the English court, numerous documents have been found, formerly be-

longing to Sir T. Cawarden, of Blechingly—a gentleman of Henry's Privy Chamber, and master of the revels under the reign of Edward VI. These throw considerable light on the machinery and decorations of our infant drama, and incidentally illustrate the allusions of Shakespeare and our early dramatic writers: of the delights of the royal Tusculum, Nonsuch,—of the mode of purveying for the royal household,—of royal banquettings in the field (those practical pastorals which were so much in vogue with the court in the sixteenth century), numerous documents are extant in this collection. Lotteries established in the Elizabethan age for supplying the exigencies of the state, are minutely described in these old papers: the curious *posies*, or verses, under which each adventurer registered his chance, are recited, and the plate, jewels, and tapestry, which composed the prizes, are delineated in the lottery puffs of the day, under sanction of the government. Burgesses seek to restore the walls of their towns or the piers of their havens, maidens to acquire portions for matrimony, individuals to repair shattered fortunes, domestics to become masters, by the turn of Fortune's wheel in the royal Elizabethan Lottery, drawn at the great west door of St. Paul's Cathedral. How little their sanguine expectations were answered, may be inferred by the fact that the majority of the registered prizes did not exceed three or four groats! The policy of Elizabeth, in preventing the monarchy and reformed church from being overborne by the wily third party of the Papists is completely developed in its minuter machinery of action. The energy which characterised the queen's measures, and which pervaded all ranks, for repelling the expedition for exterminating civil and religious liberty in England, in 1588, well known as the *annus mirabilis* of the defeated Spanish Armada, is displayed in detail by the measures adopted to meet the emergency in the county of Surrey. May-games, swan-uppings, hawkings, and huntings, are noticed—those characteristic sports of merry England in the olden time. In biographical matters, many curious inedited letters have been discovered, connected with that romantic passage of the life of Dr. Donne, his clandestine love-match, when he was a young civilian and the secretary of Chancellor Ellesmere, with the daughter of a courtly Surrey knight, who was on a visit at the chancellor's; which presumption entailed on Donne much persecution and personal suffering. The Quixotisms of the gallant and accomplished Lord Herbert of Chisbury, "the observed of all observers," are illustrated by the tenour of some original autograph correspondence. The anxiety of James the First, testified under his own hand in confidential letters to the lieutenant of the Tower, that Somerset should not accuse him on his trial of being participant in the death of Overbury, is a remarkable fact, resting on the incontrovertible evidence of these domestic muniments. To these may be added, some papers relating to the enlargement of Sir Walter Raleigh from the Tower, for the purpose of prosecuting the golden expectations of his Guiana voyage; shewing how plenary his release and manumission were, and the baseness of that policy which could revive the bloody penalty of an obsolete and remitted sentence of high treason, in order to conciliate the court of Spain! Among incidental subjects, matter has been found to illustrate many points of manners and domestic economy, of costume, travelling expenses, of the state of the continental towns in the early part of the seventeenth century;

proofs of the cupidity of Buckingham, in vending, as the favourite of the reigning monarch, the honours of the peerage at a stipulated price, &c. &c. The above is a cursory glimpse of the various matters which a diligent search in the muniment-chamber of one of our old halls has produced; and we are happy to learn that their editorship has fallen into the hands of Mr. Kempe, an experienced antiquary, not unnoticed from time to time in our pages. As these matters will come before us in a more detailed form, when committed to the press, we may recur to the consideration of such as may appear most worthy of attention; in the mean time we instance them as incentives to antiquaries in general to search for, and to proprietors to produce, those written muniments of history and manners, in which silent years are making irreparable devastation; and by such timely zeal to add to the stores of their country's authentic records, and their own reputation.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

DR. TURNER in the chair.—On Monday evening the last meeting for the present season took place; and was, as usual, numerously attended. Dr. Francis Hawkins, the Registrar, read a paper which he had himself contributed on that singular complaint the *Brow-Ague*. It consists of shooting pains, sometimes extremely violent, felt over the eye-brow, or across the forehead, or afflicting half of the head. The drooping eye-lid and tears trickling from one eye indicate the severity of the affection. The most remarkable circumstances attending it is that the paroxysms intermit with surprising regularity: sometimes they appear only every other day: more frequently they return exactly at the same hour every day. The various opinions which have been entertained of the nature of the complaint were alluded to, and it was shewn to be an affection of certain nerves in particular; and several reasons were assigned why these nerves should be more subject to pain than others differently situated. It was explained, also, how it happens that the symptoms in such cases intermit and return periodically. From the recital of several cases, it appeared that the disorder may be excited by various causes, such as cold and inflammation, mental emotions and sympathetic irritation, and also *mal-aria*, which appears to act upon particular nerves just as there are poisons which exert a specific influence on particular parts of the body. For the relief of this complaint it is highly necessary to observe whether it is attended with inflammation or not; and to adopt different remedies for cases which arise from different causes. In conclusion, the author observed that the interest attached to the nervous system has, of late, been greatly increased from our understanding more of its mechanism; whereas formerly we looked upon the architecture of the bones, the cordage of the tendons, and the hydraulic apparatus of the blood-vessels, with feelings different from those with which we explored in vain the intricacies of the nerves; at length, even these have become the objects of a nobler admiration than before, and excite feelings of a more exalted kind than formerly they could excite. For, in the words of a highly gifted poet and philosopher whom we have lately lost,* "In wonder all philosophy began, in wonder it ends, and admiration fills up the interspace;

[The Herveian Lecture was delivered on Thursday preceding by Sir H. Hallford, and attended by many distinguished persons.]

* Coleridge.

but the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance, the last is the parent of adoration."

THE LITERARY FUND.

THE annual Greenwich meeting on Wednesday, at which a vice-president takes the chair, promises to be one auspicious to the best interests of the Fund, as many members, and other literary characters, have already signified their intention of being present. Satisfactory as was the anniversary on the 17th ult., it has often occurred to us that this noble charity would be yet more amply supported, were literary men to think of the duty of giving it their countenance before the time when many of them need its assistance. With how much better a grace could an author seek its aid in adversity when he had upheld it in the days of his prosperity; and even should he never want that sympathy, how grateful must it be to the most fortunate cultivator of the thorny field of letters to reflect, that he has contributed to lighten the toils and relieve the distresses of his fellow labourers. To all such we would recommend the Greenwich meeting, which is open to every visitor who may signify his purpose to the secretary before the Tuesday preceding. Compared with such inducements as we have hinted at, even the temptations of Lovegrove's *water-souchet* and *whitebait* sink into insignificance.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY Entomological, 3 P.M.
Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, 8½ P.M.
Dr. Copland on Medical Philosophy.
TUESDAY Linnean, 8 P.M.
Horticultural, 1 P.M.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

IT is about time to remind our readers that the next (*i. e.* the fifth) annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science is appointed to take place in Dublin, and will occupy the week commencing on Monday, August the 10th. It is anticipated that this meeting will present as many objects of interest to the friends and cultivators of science, and will be as numerously attended, as those which have been held in previous years at Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh. We hear of many eminent scientific persons already on the wing; and the preparations for their reception will, no doubt, be worthy of Irish intelligence and hospitality.

FINE ARTS.

GLOVER'S VIEWS IN VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

IT is well known that Mr. Glover, some years ago, emigrated to Van Dieman's Land. It was not probable—it was, indeed, hardly possible, that one who had practised the profession of an artist so long and so successfully, could, all at once, and entirely, abandon the pencil and the palette for the plough and the harrow. Accordingly we find, by an exhibition just opened in New Bond Street, containing no fewer than sixty-seven of his works (all, with the exception of four, painted in the country of his adoption, although several of them are views in his native land), that, to use the words of the appendix to the catalogue, "although he has had multifarious occupations, his activity and zeal for the arts have not diminished."

Even in the early practice of Mr. Glover, as a water-colour draftsman, although he obtained

great and deserved reputation, his style of execution was never of so broad a character as that which has since prevailed in that pleasing department of the fine arts. In his pictures in oil, the minuteness and carefulness of his handling have, of course, been still more conspicuous. Great truth, however, has always pervaded his performances, in whatever way they may have been produced; and in the deceptive effect of his gleams of light, especially in his middle distances, no one has ever excelled him. Although we are unable to say that the works under our notice completely equal in merit some of Mr. Glover's former productions, they are highly curious and valuable, as conveying a very vivid idea of the scenery of a colony which is rapidly rising in wealth and importance. It seems to have every variety that contributes to the picturesque: its mountains are lofty; its plains verdant; its trees umbrageous; its waters sparkling. The appearance, in several of the views, of groups of natives, adds much to their vivacity; especially the representations of their "corroberies," or evening dances round their fires; upon which Mr. Glover shily remarks,— "one seldom sees such gaiety in a ball-room as amongst these untaught savages." The general view of Hobart Town, taken from the artist's garden, besides being a very fine one in itself, is rendered peculiarly interesting to Mr. Glover's old friends (and he has few older than the writer of this little article) by the introduction, in the foreground, of his present residence. A faithful and firmly painted portrait of Mr. Glover, from the able pencil of Mr. Phillips, is placed, very appropriately, at the head of the principal apartment in the exhibition.

THE LAWRENCE GALLERY.

THE exhibition of the second division of the drawings collected by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence was opened to the public on the 1st instant. It consists of a hundred original drawings by Vandyke and Rembrandt. We are not disposed to be guilty of the presumption of criticising the productions of those great masters; and will only say, therefore, that it is an exhibition which no lover of the arts ought to omit visiting. The stamp of true genius is everywhere visible; from the slightest sketch to the most elaborate and finished performance.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Fair Forester. Painted by Henry Wyatt; engraved by George T. Doo. Moon.

A MORE exquisite representation of feminine beauty, sweetness, delicacy, and elegance, we never met with. Mr. Doo ought to feel deeply obliged to Mr. Wyatt for having painted so fine a picture for him to engrave; Mr. Wyatt ought to feel deeply obliged to Mr. Doo, for having engraved his picture in so admirable a manner; and both those able artists ought to feel deeply obliged to Nature, for having produced so charming a model for their imitation. As to ourselves, we feel deeply obliged to all three for the pleasure which we have enjoyed in the contemplation of the result of their joint labours.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE ADIEU TO FLORENCE.

By Miss M. Boyle.

UPON the Bastion walls I stood,
Which San Miniato crown,
And turned my glance in thoughtful mood
Upon that matchless town.

I marked each separate object well,
And sighed to think that I
Ere long must breathe a sad farewell
To all that met my eye.
The hoary-headed Apennine—
A tender sire, though wild—
Ranges his vassal hills in line,
To guard his favoured child;
And there in calm repose she lies
Beneath her azure canopies,
The palm of beauty in her hand;
For who, amid her sisters, dare
With fairy Florence to compare,
In all that gifted land?
I thank thee for the hours of joy
That I have passed in thee,
Where from affliction's sad alloy
Life's golden links were free.
I thank thee for the thought of those
That, with thine own combined,
Shall still remain, till life's last close,
Within my breast enshrined.
Oh, rightly, justly named the Fair!
There is a magic in thine air,
A gladness in thy atmosphere,
Where floating particles of joy
With hidden hope the spirits buoy,
And every feeling cheer.
Fair city of the myriad towers!
How oft my heart will yearn
Tow'rs thee and thine, and those dear hours
Which never can return!
Alas! no more to these sad eyes
Shall all the fair proportions rise
That greet my vision now;
No more for me thy sun shall shine,
No more, no more, thy flow'rets twine
A garland for my brow—
No parting pledge have I to give,
My blessing I impart;
But long and long shall Florence live
Engraven on my heart.*

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLES MATHEWS.

THE death of this wonderfully gifted person, for whom alarming apprehensions have for some time past been felt, took place at Devonport on Saturday last. He was in his 59th year, and had recently returned from America, where he lost his health; and not being restored by the confinement on shipboard endured on his voyage home, he soon fell a sacrifice to a complication of disorders. Alas, poor Yorick! where be his gibes now? his jests, that used to set the table in a roar? It is true, if ever true of any individual who adorned the stage, we ne'er shall look upon his like again. His talent was peculiar and alone. Some have shone in approaching him in various ways; but, as a whole, none but himself could be his parallel. In imitation he was the greatest master of his art; for he not only imitated the face, voice, gestures, modes of expression, and other peculiarities of the originals who sat to him, but their characters, sentiments, opinions, and minds. As a superior author does not describe his *dramatis personæ*, but, as it were, himself becomes really each in turn, so did Mathews transform himself into all the various personages whose vivid portraiture and living likenesses it pleased him to present to view. He was a polyglot of men. Now he convulsed his auditory by his humours; now he melted them into tears by his pathos. Timotheus, on the sounding lyre, had no higher

power than he over the soul,—over the enchained or enchanted senses of those who looked upon and heard him in his brightest and happiest moods. Such was often our good fortune, and the sad event which has eclipsed the harmless gaiety of nations has affected us with a sorrow not to be told in words. Dear Mathews, the life of society, is dead. The joyous hours we have spent with him are gone, and never to be recalled. His seat is vacant at the hospitable and social board; and never shall we meet the man who can fill it like to him, shedding a halo of mirth and enjoyment on all around. The particulars of his life are familiar to the public from a hundred common sources; and it remains but for us to offer a heartfelt tribute of grief to his memory.

MR. O'BRIEN.

POOR O'Brien, the author of the extraordinary work on the Round Towers of Ireland, has died suddenly at the early age of 27. He was an enthusiast from whom we, in common with many others, differed in opinion; and yet his angry remonstrances, we rejoice now to think, were never by us answered in anger, but more in pity; and relations of good-will were re-established between us before his untimely decease. His spirit was of a kind to destroy the frame in which it was embodied. He was found dead in his bed, and all his troubles now are o'er.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Loved Moon! I saw thy soothing Light. Song, arranged from a German Air, with Symphonies and Accompaniments. By Fanny Steers, authoress of "The last links are broken," &c. Lonsdale.

In order to ensure even a tolerable degree of success to a vocal production, it is usually thought necessary to obtain the services of some popular singer, whose performance of it may answer the double purpose of advertisement and recommendation. The very pleasing duet, "The last links are broken," made its way without any such adventitious aid, to an almost unprecedented popularity; and the song now before us possesses, in an equal, if not in a superior, degree, those qualities which gave that duet so strong a claim to the notice of most amateur performers—attractiveness and facility. The air and words are both of that plaintive kind which is sure to captivate all who have the least feeling for either music or poetry. Miss Steers informs us, in a note at the commencement of the song, that, being unacquainted with the original termination of the poem, she has herself added the four concluding lines; and truly she has executed this task (so difficult on account of the restrictions it imposes) in an admirable manner. This pathetic ballad is equally adapted to a treble or a tenor voice; but it would be particularly effective, if sung by a rich *mezzo soprano*.

I could never believe that a Soldier brave. Song. The words taken from the *New Monthly Magazine*: the Music composed by Fanny Steers. The Same.

THIS composition is of a light, playful character, according well with the words, which express a favourable opinion of the sons of Mars, as regards their conduct towards the fair sex. Whether this opinion be well-founded or not, the song is calculated to become a great favourite in those drawing-room circles where military men abound. The arrangement of

both this and the foregoing composition is for either the harp or piano-forte. For the latter instrument, it will be found necessary to make one or two very slight alterations—such as instinctively occur to every judicious accompanist.

Vivi tu, te ne Scongiuro. Mills.

DONIZETTI's favourite air from Anna Bolena, the beauty of which nothing can surpass. Mr. Horn has here arranged it admirably for the harp, and we cannot recommend a more delightful piece to our musical friends.

They told me thou wert fickle. A Song, written by E. Turnerelli, and composed by J. Peck. J. and J. Peck.

A SIMPLE and pretty song; which, if sung with expression, must be heard with pleasure.

Success to the Swarthy Tribe. Bates.

THERE is much of taste and talent in this Gipsy song; which, we think, would make a capital trio. It is written by Mr. H. Pearson, and composed by Mr. Merriott.

The Desert Rose. Kensington, Faze; London, Evestaff.

A SWEET air; the composition of Miss Naylor, a young lady, to whose talents it does much credit. As sung by Miss Shirreff, it is well entitled to a favourite place among the melodies of its class.

DRAMA.

THE novelties of the drama may still, as indeed the period of the season might suggest, be disposed of in few words. At Drury Lane, a grand dramatic concert, employing much foreign talent, on the night of Taglioni's benefit at the Opera House, has been the only variation from "the unequalled Malibran." At the Haymarket, Farren has re-appeared; and sterling comedy is well supported by him and his associates, Mrs. Glover, Strickland, and other justly popular favourites. The English Opera goes on well. *The Bottle Imp*, with Wilson's and Miss Somerville's songs, O. Smith's *diablerie*, and Keeley's terrors, is a capital piece. We ought, in our notice of the amusing farce of *I and my Double*, to have mentioned with praise the uncommonly clever acting of Mrs. F. Mathews, and also of her husband. At the King's Theatre, a new ballet, called *Maxila*, has been produced. It resembles a scene from the *Revolt of the Harem*; but Taglioni and Perrot do every thing for it which it is in the power of limbs to achieve.

VARIETIES.

Earthquake.—An American vessel reports that an extraordinary earthquake has taken place at the island of St. Juan Fernandez. The sea first receded from the shore, but returned with overwhelming violence, and converted the valley in which the town stood into one vast basin of black mud. The inhabitants escaped to the surrounding mountains.

The Great American Aloe.—One of those sights which are said to occur but once in a century, the blooming of this plant, will shortly take place in a fine specimen of the variegated variety at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. It is believed to be about seventy years old; the crown of the plant opened on the eighth of June, and the flower-stem has been growing at the rate of about four inches a-day; it is calculated by gardeners that it will reach to

* For these sweet lines, reminding us of Mary's Adieu to France, we are indebted to a friend at Florence, where they were privately circulated and much admired.—*Ed. L. G.*

the height of from 24 to 28 feet, that the number of flower-buds will be from 3 to 4000, and that it will continue flowering nearly six weeks. The period at which the Agave arrives at maturity varies according to circumstances; in hot, or otherwise favourable climates, it grows rapidly, but in milder regions, or under the care of the gardener, it requires the longest period that has been assigned to it, which has given rise to the popular error, that the flowering occurs only once at the end of one hundred years. A building is about to be erected for its protection, and every care taken to accelerate its development, when, having produced its gigantic flowers, the plant perishes.—*From a Correspondent.*

Caricatures.—We have to thank H. B. for another batch of these political records, Nos. 398, 399, and 400! The first, "Reconciliation between Peachum and Lockit," gives whole lengths of Lords Brougham and Durham, in the costume of these characters in the "Beggar's Opera," and admirable for attitude and expression. 339 is Lord J. Russell as Hop-o'-my-Thumb, in the tale of the "Fagot-cutter and his seven Sons." His steps are on various stones—politic, and the British oak is in evident danger of destruction. The last is "Mad dogs, alias sad dogs," Brougham and O'Connell hunting the King, the former with a coronet, the latter with a tea-kettle tied to his tail. All three are full of humour.

Concerts.—On Thursday, last week, Made-moiselle Sophie Ostergaarde gave her first concert in this country in Willis's rooms, and we were happy to notice that her merit and talents were acknowledged by a crowded audience. Her scena from *Robert the Devil* was given with uncommon brilliancy and effect, and shewed her to be one of the most accomplished vocalists of the day. The other entertainments were of a high order, though Grisi disappointed the meeting. The foreign singers have, indeed, more to do than they can manage; and thus there is scarcely a concert where some of them who are announced do not fail to appear.—On Thursday the Hungarian brothers gave a concert, which, we regret to say, was very thinly attended, though their performances were peculiar and pleasing.

King's College.—On Saturday last the distribution of prizes took place at this prospering institution, which was very numerously attended, and gave entire satisfaction to all who were interested (and who could be otherwise?) in so gratifying a spectacle as that of rising merit meeting the encouragement and distinction it had honourably earned.

Le Cosmopolite.—Nos. I. to IV. inclusive, have been sent to us by our new contemporary, and we are assured that the publication (weekly) is "sous le patronage de personnes distinguées du Western." Be that what and as it may, the *Cosmopolite* is a pleasing and candid commentator on the English drama, arts, and literature; and in our extreme liberality we are free to confess that it possesses one advantage over even the *Literary Gazette*: being written in French, it may induce readers to become familiar with that language in the shape of periodical attraction.

The *Alchemist*, after a career of six months, has bid the public adieu in a graceful manner with its last No. (VI.) for July. The *Analyst*, at No. XII., announces a change from monthly to quarterly.

No. I. of the *Florist's Magazine* (Orr and Smith) is a gay contribution to floriculture, with four plates glowing with new and beautiful varieties of flowers. The first specimen

pleases us much. The descriptions are brief, but sufficient, without being technical.

Baron Gros, the celebrated French painter, drowned himself in the Seine last week. His body was found near Meudon.

Rhine and Danube.—A canal, to join these two important rivers, is about to be commenced, and will form an important feature in the interior navigation of Germany.

"Repentance."—The late Rev. Mr. G., happening one day to go into the churchyard, while the beadle was employed, neck-deep, in a grave, throwing up the mould and bones to make way for another person, thus accosted him:—"Well, Saunders, that's a work you're employed in well calculated to make an old man, like you, thoughtful. I wonder you dinna repent o' your evil ways." The old worthy, resting himself on the head of his spade, and taking a pinch of snuff, replied, "I thought, sir, ye kent that there was no repentance in the grave."—*The Laird of Logan.*

Inclosed in an iron box, 12,000 medals of the Roman emperors were found in an old building at Bony (Nièvre), and are curious from their great variety.—*Paris Advertiser.*

Permission is granted by the minister of the interior to Franconi and Co., to establish a Circus in the Champs Elysées for the summer; the opening of which will shortly take place.—*Ibid.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Literary Intelligence (from *Cochran's Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 11, an excellent No., just published):—

"A selection of one hundred of the finest pictures in the Dresden Gallery, executed in lithography by the best artists of Paris, after drawings by the first Dresden artists, is about to be published in livraisons, each containing four subjects, with explanatory text. The first number will contain: 1. Raffaele's Madonna del Sisto; 2. Rembrandt's Rape of Ganymede; 3. Cignani's Joseph and Potiphar; 4. A Landscape, by Berghem. Five numbers will appear annually; and the whole will be completed in five years."

"A third edition of the elder Renouard's *Annals of the Aldine Press*, beautifully printed in double columns, and compressed into one volume, has just made its appearance. It has received several improvements and additions; among others, a complete list of the productions of the Junta press at Venice, and a collection of unpublished letters of Paul Manutius."

"An edition of the curious *Travels of Rubruquis in Tartary*, in the thirteenth century, is now in progress at Paris, at the expense of the Royal Geographical Society, and under the editorship of M. Franquière Michel and Mr. Thomas Wright, B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. The text will be formed from a collection of all the MSS. in England, Holland, and Rome. Mr. Wright has also, we understand, engaged to edit, for the same society, the original text of Plan Carpin's History of the Tartars, with collations of all the MSS."

"The minister of public instruction (M. Guizot) has resolved to put to press immediately, at the royal printing-office, the long and valuable *Metrical Chronicle of Normandy*, written in the twelfth century, by Benoit de Saint Maur, of which the only copy in existence is that in the British Museum."

"The French Academy has at last completed its Dictionary of the French Language, the last edition of which appeared so far back as 1763."

"The second portion of Heine's article on German Literature since the time of Luther, has just appeared in Paris."

"The first volume of Professor Pöppig's *Voyage to Chili, to Peru, and on the River of Amazons, from 1827 to 1832*, has been recently published at Leipzig, handsomely printed in 4to, with a folio atlas of lithographic views. The second volume, which will complete the work, is announced to appear almost immediately. This voyage was undertaken by Professor Pöppig entirely at his own expense. He resided more than ten years in America; and the present work contains the result of his observations during six years of that time (excluding altogether what belongs to natural history—his collections in that department, especially the botany and zoology of the western countries of America, being intended, as we collect, for separate publication) on the inhabitants and character of the different countries where he resided."

"Dr. Hahnemann, the father of the homoeopathic system, has, at the age of eighty, just married one of his patients, Madlle. d'Hervilly, a young Parisian lady, of thirty years of age, whom he is said to have restored to health."

"The catalogue of the Easter Fair of Leipzig this year embraces 4193 works."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Tomlin's Law Dictionary, 4th edition, by T. C. Grain-ger, Esq., 2 vols. 4to. 4l. 4s. bds.—Melodies from the Music of Nature, by Wm. Gardiner, 8vo. 10s. cloth.—Treatise on the Diseases of Children, by the late Dr. M. Underwood, 9th edition, with Notes, by Marshall Hall, M.D. 8vo. 15s. bds.—A Further Inquiry concerning Constitutional Irritation, by B. Travers, F.R.S. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Strictures on the 2d and 3d Vols. of Col. Napier's History of the Peninsular War, relating to General Lord Viscount Bessford, 2d edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Lectures on the Diseases of the Lungs and Heart, by Thomas Davies, M.D. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Practical Examinations in Surgery and Midwifery, by W. S. Oke, M.D. Part the Second, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Practical Treatise on Teething, and the Management of the Teeth, by T. F. Clark, M.A. post 8vo. 3s. bds.—Records of a Route through France and Italy, with Sketches of Catholicism, by Wm. Rae Wilson, F.S.A. &c. 8vo. with plates, 17s. bds.—A View of the Reign of James II. from his Accession, to the Enterprise of the Prince of Orange, by the late Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh, 4to. with Portrait, 1l. 11s. 6d. cloth.—Thurston Tales, by the Author of "Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Tales of the Peasantry and the Peasantry, by the Author of the "Chaperon," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Designs for Churches and Chapels, by W. F. Pocock, 3d edition, 4to. 1l. 1s. bds.—Ten Discourses on the Communion Office of the Church of England, by the Rev. B. Anderson, 12mo. 7s. cloth.—Prayers for Young Children, square, 1s. 6d. cloth.—Voyage of the United States Frigate "Potomac" round the World, in 1831, 2, 3, and 4, by J. N. Reynolds, Plates, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Memoirs of the Duchesse D'Albany, Vol. VIII. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Chronological Tables of Ancient History, folio, half-cloth, 9s.—Testimonies of the Fathers to the Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of England, by the Rev. H. Cary, M.A. 8vo. 12s.—Dueling, and the Laws of Honour, Examined, by J. C. Bluett, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.—Smith's Wealth of Nations, with a Commentary, by the Author of "England and America," in 6 vols. Vol. I. 8s. cloth.—The Monkings: a Novel, by the Author of the "Spy," the "Pilot," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Scriptural Views of our Lord Jesus Christ, by J. F. Gerald, 12mo. 8s. bds.—The New British Province of South Australia, 2d edition, 12mo. 3s. cloth.—History of Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea, by Cyrus Redding, 2d Series, 2 vols. 8mo. 7s. cloth.—The Sea-Side Companion; or Marine Natural History, by Mary Roberts, 12mo. 6s. 6d. cloth.—Sweet's Practice of the County Courts, 8vo. 8s. bds.—History of Greece, by the Rev. C. Thirlwall, Vol. I. forming Vol. LXVIII. of Dr. Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopaedia," 6s. cloth.—Tables of Revenue, Population, &c. Supplement to Part 3 (Colonies, 1832 folio, 12s. cloth.—Practical Hints on Private Devotion, by the Rev. T. R. Taylor, 18mo. 1s. cloth.—Memoirs of Simon Episcopus (pupil of Armenia), by F. Calder, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—History of England, from the Reformation, by C. A. Davies, square 16mo. 5s. cloth.—Autobiography of Cowper, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1835.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 25	From 45 to 54	29.29 to 29.53
Friday... 26	44 .. 54	29.80 .. 29.56
Saturday... 27	44 .. 62	29.96 .. 30.06
Sunday... 28	45 .. 64	30.12 stationary
Monday... 29	43 .. 63	30.14 .. 30.09
Tuesday... 30	43 .. 63	30.03 stationary
July.		
Wednesday 1	46 .. 72	30.03 stationary

Prevailing wind, northerly.
The 25th and following days generally raining, and a little rain on the 27th; since, generally clear.

Rain fallen, 1 inch and 3/5 of an inch.
Never, perhaps, was there so changeable climate more sensibly shown than during the past month; it was on the 6th ultimo (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 960), that we had to call the attention of our readers to the sudden increase of temperature; much more remarkable has the decrease been; on the 25th and 26th of June, the maximum being 30 degrees below that of the 11th. The comparative temperature, also, of almost midsummer and midwinter is scarcely less remarkable: viz. the highest of the thermometer on the 7th of December last, was three degrees above that of the 25th and 26th of June.

	Thermometer.		
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.
1834, Dec. 7th	57	41	52.0
1835, June 25th	54	45	49.6
June 26th	54	44	50.6

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are too much pressed for room to find a place for the lines, on *Italy*.

Canara.—In our last No. page 411, col. 2, line 28, for "Ternouth," read "Ternouth;" and in the next col. for "irrelevant," read "irrelevant."

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